

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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LAST OF THE BIBLE EMPIRES

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THE SMALL BOY LOST

A TALE OF THE BUSH

What Happened to Stanley Morrison in New Zealand

FOUND BY A DOG

A six-year-old New Zealand boy, Stanley Morrison, has been lost in the bush for four days.

One Sunday morning Mr. Morrison, who lives not far from Oamaru, went out into the hills to look at some stock, and took Stanley with him. The small boy was enjoying himself immensely. There was nothing he liked better than going with his father to look at the cattle. After a time Mr. Morrison came to a place where he thought it wisest to leave the child for a short time while he went on ahead.

Swallowed Up by the Scrub

The father was to be back in a few minutes, and Stanley said he would wait. There were plenty of things for a small boy to look at, and he poked about among the shrubs. Then he thought he would follow his father, and meet him as he came back.

But before he had gone fifty yards Stanley was lost. There were so many tracks that the little figure went trotting along through the bushes and presently the rough scrub-land swallowed him up.

Mr. Morrison returned to the spot where he had left his boy, and walked here and there calling his name for an hour before the first horror of the truth dawned on him. Even then he did not think it possible that a child of six should wander so far afield that a search-party could not find him.

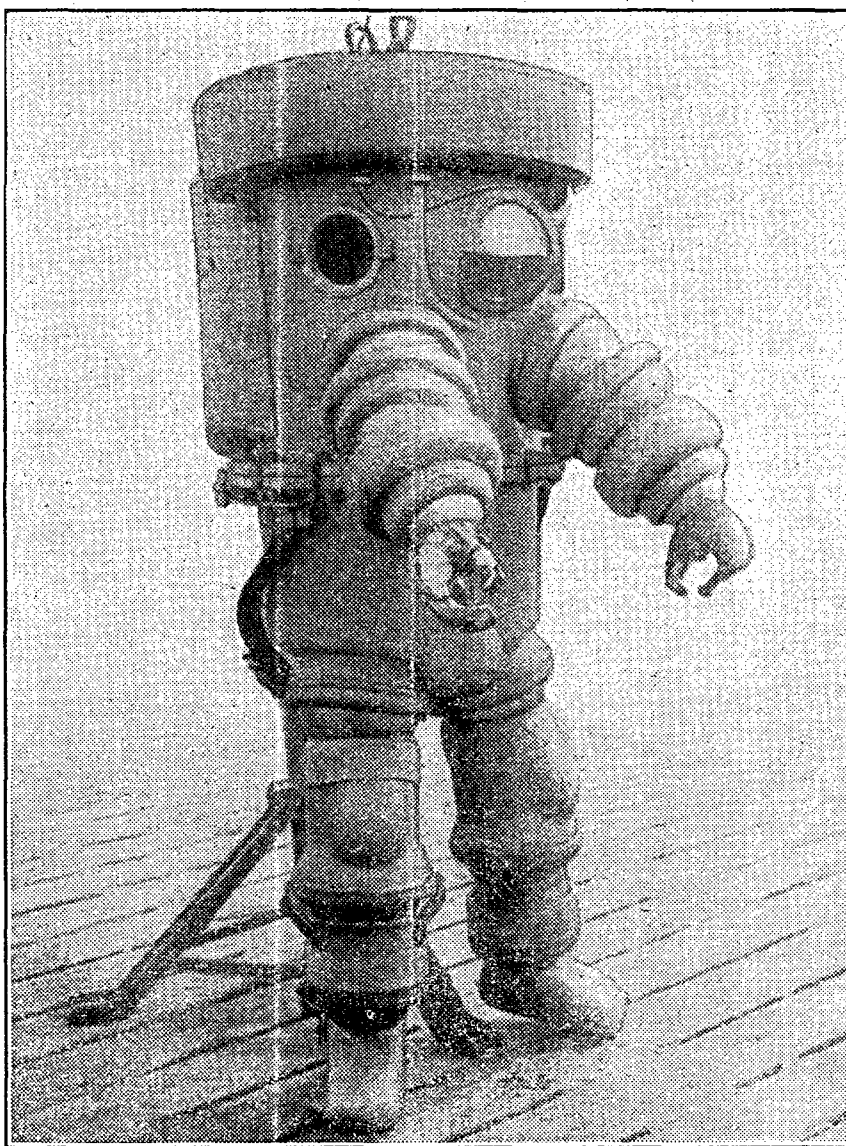
Hastily returning home, the father called in a willing band and returned to the hills to look for Stanley. Darkness fell on their unavailing efforts.

A Terrible Ordeal

With the first light of a stormy dawn the searchers were out again in increased numbers. The whole district was touched by sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, and before the day was well on about 400 people were in the bush. That night the father and mother lay in sleepless anxiety while the rain drove over the miles of scrub and bush. When the downpour ceased a fog came up, wrapping its cruel veil round the secrets of the hills. Again the search-parties went out and when, after another long day, they returned defeated, the mother's last hope died within her. It did not seem possible that a child of six could survive three days and nights of exposure in such weather without a scrap of food.

On the Thursday the rescuers went out again, beating the country for miles round, and just before noon a great shout was heard. It echoed faintly, and was taken up, and soon the hills were alive with signals and glad cries. A couple of riders were waiting. They dug their heels into their horses and galloped off to the doctor, who jumped

Ready for the Ocean Bed



Once more a great tragedy and a great wonder have come together.

A British submarine has unhappily been lost with all its crew of 68. That is the tragedy, bringing bitterness to many homes and sorrow to all our hearts.

The wonder is the One-Man Submarine with which the effort was made to reach the M 1. This remarkable apparatus was fetched from Germany in a British destroyer, the Germans bringing it through the Kiel Canal to save time, and sending divers with it.

It is a rigid suit weighing half a ton, in which a man can descend three times as deep as the ordinary diver and can move freely 500 feet down, independent of helpers on the surface.

into his car and raced away at top speed. What had happened was that at a spot about five miles from the place where Stanley had been told to wait for his father, a neighbour's dog, joining in the search, had gone into a mass of scrub and found Stanley lying there, saying faintly, "Dad, Dad!"

Mr. Stevens gave the famished child a few drops of hot tea from his thermos and carried him down to the track where, very soon, the doctor's car raced up.

Stanley was put on a stretcher and carried gently home. Later on he told, in a weak little voice, what had happened. He had tried to follow his father and after a while lay down by a creek to rest. When darkness came on he went to sleep. Next day he walked about, throwing stones in the creek, looking round now and again for his father. At night he was very cold and frightened, and very hungry. He could not remember very much. Every time he felt

hungry he went to the creek and had a drink. Then he kept lying down, tired, and he was lying down when something warm touched him. He looked up to see a nice dog with a white tail, and he heard someone shouting "Stanley!"

AMERICA IN

Mr. Lloyd George, who was Prime Minister when America came into the war, has been talking of the way the American Ambassador met him on receipt of the news:

It was in the Cabinet Room. His heart was too full. He could not say a word, but just took me by both hands and shook them, with tears in his eyes—his great heart brimming over with the thought that his native land had come into the struggle for the liberties of mankind.

We are glad to remember that a memorial of Mr. Page is placed at the entrance to the birthplace of Parliaments, the Chapter House of the Abbey.

ICY JAWS OF DEATH

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A POLAR SHIP

A Blue Wall of Ice Like a Cathedral

AN ARCTIC PERIL

In the voyage of a British Arctic Expedition which has lately returned, there were some desperate moments amid the dense pack-ice and the icebergs which prevented the ship from getting farther north than the 82nd parallel, 500 miles from the Pole.

The story of some of them is told by John Marr, the Boy Scout who was chosen to go with the ill-fated Shackleton Expedition to the Antarctic, and who, still feeling the call of Polar adventure, elected three years after to travel with this one. In the interval he had finished his education at Aberdeen University, and he went on this expedition not in his former capacity as cabin-boy, but as biologist.

Under Sail

He tells how the ship broke its propeller soon after entering the pack-ice, so that the ship had to be worked through the ice-lanes for hundreds of miles under sail alone. Dangerous work it was, for many an uncharted reef and rock encumbers these unneighbourly seas, and pluck and hard work and skill were wanted to navigate them. Some days the wind fell light and the ship could not be kept from poking her nose into danger, and once she drifted uncontrollably and perilously towards a gigantic berg.

Closer and closer she drifted. A boat was hastily lowered overboard and the men rowed furiously to turn the ship's head off. She swung at last, but her stern slowly dropped round till it was only ten feet away from the menacing blue wall of ice towering above the ship like a cathedral. For long minutes it seemed as if the ship must bump, and Scout Marr and others hastily rolled a big spar aft to fend off the collision.

A Wonderful Sight

Still the men in the boat pulled, and gradually the ten feet was increased to fifty, though the iceberg seemed to draw the ship like a magnet. Then, while they still perspired with their efforts, the explorers saw a great gap appear in the ice-wall. The towering cliff had caved in with a roar like thunder.

It was a wonderful sight as thousands of tons of ice showered down in a crystal waterfall, but the men on the ship had little inclination to admire it. The ice cliff was now hollow. At any moment its awful overhanging brow might plunge down on them. Hours seemed to pass, as, foot by foot, the men in the boat pulled the ship back and clear from danger. They got clear at last, and when once away the light and tricky wind drew ship and berg away from their dangerous companionship.

THE SHEPHERD BOY OF THE MOUNTAINS

HIS DAY'S GOOD DEED
Why He Stood Between the
Rails as the Train Came On

A TALE FROM THE CARPATHIANS

By Our Hungary Correspondent

News comes to us from Munkács, a town in what used to be north-eastern Hungary before the war, but is now Czechoslovakia, of a brave little shepherd lad.

His name is George Csópacsij. He is only ten years old, and he lives the loneliest life imaginable, guarding his sheep at the foot of the great Carpathian Mountains. From morning till night he never sees a soul to speak to, and the only event in his life is the Munkács express which goes thundering past once a day. Often he has stood and watched it, wondering if anything in the world could stop that black monster.

A Break in the Rails

Well, one day a few weeks ago something did happen, and it suddenly became this shepherd boy's task to try and stop the great express.

Crossing the railway line in the morning, he had noticed a break in one of the rails; and the more he thought of it, the surer he was that if the express was not warned in time there would be a terrible disaster. There was no one to do the warning but himself, and so, as soon as he saw the smoke of the approaching train, he climbed to the embankment and placed himself on the track right between the rails. On and on the train came with fearful speed, while little George raised his arms and waved his tattered hat, shouting his hardest.

Would they see him and stop? Or would the monster pass over him, crushing him to death, and rush on to its own doom? He did not know; he only knew that he must stay where he was and wave his arms and shout as long as there was breath in his body.

Facing Death

A sudden angry whistle from the engine told him at last that the driver had seen him and was warning him off the track. How gladly he would have run away! How he longed to take the driver's warning! But he held his ground; he stood there in peril of death, and when the train was almost upon him the driver, with a horrible creaking of brakes, drew up, and with great indignation sprang down to ask the boy what he meant by standing there.

Trembling in every limb, poor George could hardly stammer out his story; but when at last he did so the driver was filled with apologies, and the grateful passengers poured into the boy's grubby little hands whatever they could find in their pockets.

LESS WHISKY

Two Distilleries Close Down

There is a falling-off in the consumption of whisky, for two important distilleries, one at Burntisland and one in Edinburgh, have been closed down by their proprietors and are to be used for storage purposes.

The general demand for whisky, in fact, has lessened so appreciably that the Highland distilleries have agreed among themselves to reduce their production by 25 per cent.

Huge quantities of grain are used up by the distilleries every year, but we need not be concerned about what will happen to the supplies the spirit manufacturers do not want, for there are other and better uses to which they will be put.

THE LAST GRIZZLY MERCY FOR A SPLENDID OUTLAW

The Wheel Comes Full Circle
in the Fortunes of the Bear

A REINDEER TRAGEDY

Conscience does more than make us cowards; it creates kindness out of our remorse, and, operating in this manner, it is about to save the last grizzly bear known still to haunt the mountains of California.

The perverted zeal for slaughter which all but exterminated the American bison, and quite exterminated the passenger pigeon, the most numerous bird of all the New World, has brought the Californian grizzly so near to extinction that only one is now believed to be alive in that great range of hills where such bears formerly abounded.

So national conscience speaks through the American Academy of Science, which has offered to pay for any damage to domestic livestock which the lone survivor may do, so that its days may be passed in peace.

The Passion for Slaughter

There are many species of grizzlies, and the Californian kind ranges from Colorado to Arizona. Why should it have declined so sadly in numbers? The reason is Man's inherent passion for killing animals. Next there is the old fear of this most formidable of bears. Its name means terrible or fierce. Then there has been its record as a cattle-killer and assailant of man himself.

The bear weighs from 1000 pounds upwards; it can kill an ox with a blow of its paw, and can carry away a 1000-pound animal with ease. Left to itself, it grows enormously fat on nuts, fruits, berries, and an occasional animal; but when man invades its territory with his flocks and herds, it regards them as lawful prey and acts accordingly.

Poison and the Gun

So persistent became the ravages of bears among the domestic animals of the Sierra Nevada that the shepherds destroyed practically the whole local bear tribe with poisoned carcasses. Poison and the gun have been fatally successful in California, and at the eleventh hour a reprieve has been furnished for the supposedly last of these grand and terrible old outlaws.

We cannot be too careful in regard to the preservation of animals, for, while it is easy to destroy, it is impossible ever to re-create. And we are never sure that we can extend the range of a species, even when such a species is not in immediate danger. A discouraging example of the kind comes this year from the Arctic.

A Melancholy Discovery

Four years ago, 600 Lapland reindeer were shipped to Baffin Land in the hope that they would become thousands. The site seemed favourable for these hardy animals—the largest island in the world next to Australia and Greenland, containing every apparent aid to reindeer prosperity.

This year, however, explorers have made a melancholy discovery. *Of the 600 reindeer only seven remain alive!* That is one of the saddest things since the Vikings slowly vanished from life in Greenland, 500 years ago. So American scientists do well, even at this late date, to guard their declining wild life in its natural surroundings.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Abele Ah-beel
Aurelius Aw-re-le-us
Krakatoa Krah-kah-tow-ah
Teheran Teh-e-rah-n

THE LAST OF THE BIBLE EMPIRES

THE CAPTAINS AND THE
KINGS DEPART

New Chapter in an Ancient
Story

PERSIA PAST AND FUTURE

Persia has deposed her Shah and installed a penniless captain in his stead at the head of a Republic. The change is probably for the better, but something has happened which most of the grown-up papers have overlooked. Not only does one of the oldest of monarchies disappear, but the last of all the Bible kingdoms goes out.

Persia has a very great place in Old Testament history. All the other Bible empires have long been mere tradition, but the Persian Empire survived. Now that has gone, and with it the last of the absolute monarchies. A succession of weak rulers made it possible, by the creation of a Parliament, to modify the exercise of their powers, but their rights had been unchanged from the days when Darius threw Daniel into the den of lions and Cyrus redeemed the Israelites from captivity.

A Shah on Parliaments

Their rights were terrible. They owned all the land of the empire, all the property and every man's life. Sir Harford Jones, the biographer of the dynasty now at last expelled, was our ambassador at the Persian Court a century ago and tried his utmost to instruct the Shah in the tenets of government according to British methods.

"Ah," said the Shah at last. "It must take a long time to make such a government and such a people as yours. Our government is simple and therefore better, for the people know all about it in a day. If I delivered the system of taxation to a Parliament, I should never get a penny, for no Persian pays unless he is obliged to; and, more than that, the nobles would be for making the burgesses pay all, and the burgesses would be for doing the same by the nobles."

Some Common Barbarities

That was Shah Fath Ali, a good man as Shahs went, but the age was one in which one prominent statesman was walled up alive in masonry, and our ambassador met an old Persian friend who had his eyes and tongue put out by the Shah's order. These barbarities were common practices, as they were in Bible days and even down to Stuart times in our own land.

As Jehu had the heads of his enemies brought to him in basketfuls to the palace gates at Jezreel, so the Persian kings had heads in huge pyramids in their palace squares, and eyes by the thousand.

In regard to family law, the morals were those of the beehive, where the Queen kills all her princess daughters. The Turkish Sultans used to slay their male relatives, but the Shahs used only to blind theirs when ascending the throne, for blindness debarred accession to the royal dignity.

The Bandaged Boy Prince

At about Sir Harford Jones's time in Persia, an English lady was permitted to visit the royal harem. There she saw a beautiful little boy, a younger brother of the heir-apparent, groping about with a handkerchief over his eyes. She asked him his object.

"I know," said the little prince, "that I shall be deprived of my eyes when my father dies, so I am just trying what it is like to be blind."

Yet Persia has produced noble rulers, pagans who far excelled the justice and goodness of some of the Kings of Israel. One of them had a problem like that of Naboth's vineyard. Even the lawless Ahab did not dare to take Naboth's vineyard till the fertile brain of Jezebel fabricated a false charge for the destruction of that unhappy

THINGS SAID EIGHT BRIGHTEST YEARS FOR THE JEWS

No Room for Fascists in
England

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

Why not abolish the submarine?

The Chairman of Lloyd's

I am against the next war now.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby

We stand at the end of the eight brightest years in Jewish history for 20 centuries.

Mr. Philip Guedalla

It is easier to be idle and shout with the crowd than to be industrious and look for the truth.

Hon. John Fortescue

I am a most unmusical person.

Archbishop of Canterbury

We are used to hearing voices without seeing nowadays, and every boy and girl should listen for the voice of God.

Dr. F. W. Norwood

The British Empire is today the main force supporting the advance of great human causes and ideals.

General Smuts

The young fools in this country who masquerade as Italian patriots may do more harm than they are capable of understanding. There is no room for serious Fascismo in England.

The Times

Waterloo Bridge should remain as it is and a great and beautiful bridge should be built at Charing Cross.

Sir Hamo Thornycroft

We shall defend the franc as valiantly as we defended Verdun.

M. Painlevé

I doubt if the Paris Exhibition contained a single really comfortable chair.

The Times Paris Correspondent

The Unknown Warrior is a more impressive figure than a whole Brigade of Guards.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson

I am thinking of asking the Welsh miners to march to the pits to the tune of Men of Harlech, or the Rising of the Lark, and give us an output that will defy foreign competition.

The Prime Minister

We must take more pains to know the best of one another.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P.

The liquor traffic has been permanently outlawed from the United States as the enemy of society.

Federal Council of American Churches

There are too many people who say: "Day by day, in every way, I am getting worse and worse."

M. Coué

We have an adverse trade balance for the first time in our history. Why? Because last year we spent 316 millions on alcohol, more than the interest on our National Debt.

Mr. Lloyd George

Continued from the previous column

man. The Shah in question could have taken the land he badly coveted, but it remained unseized. He was Nou Shirwan, aptly named the Just.

One day an ambassador visiting his Court stood gazing in admiration at the lovely grounds of the palace till he saw an unsightly piece of land completely spoiling the outlook. On calling attention to it, he was told that it was the property of an old man who had objections to selling it, and that the Shah was more willing to have his prospect spoiled than to commit violence.

"In that case," said the ambassador, "that irregular spot, consecrated as it is by justice, appears to me more beautiful than all the surrounding scene."

Now a Persian Parliament decides, and it seems good to them that the age-old monarchy should go. It is not surprising. The young Shah, like all the rest of the world, had seen the writing on the wall, and had let the warning pass unheeded.

THE MILL-GIRL AT OXFORD

Doris Grime Seeing it Through

FOLLOWING EMERSON'S EXAMPLE

About a year ago the C.N. gave a short account of a young mill-girl of Bacup in Lancashire, Miss Doris Grime, who had won a scholarship to take her to Ruskin College, Oxford, for a year. The value of the scholarship was £135, which we mentioned as "enough to cover her simple needs" for a year.

Our readers, we are sure, will be glad to hear of what she has been doing since, and a Lancashire friend of the C.N. sends us extracts from a letter the student has written that show how she has worked to get the full advantages of her life at Oxford.

Since I last wrote (says Doris) I have been to Cambridge and to Brussels, and have had a wonderful time. I arrived back in Oxford penniless, but I got a job at the Radcliffe Infirmary, and worked there for three weeks.

In the early part of my vacation I was in domestic service, and learned how to smile after fifteen hours a day.

I work at the infirmary now from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m., and I love it. You see, I clean the Hostel, and am friendly with all the nurses, some of whom regard my venture as an immense joke. Work is ever so interesting, and though I'm poor I'm happy, and I love my political philosophy papers.

Oxford is now more beautiful than in summer, but I feel that her golden glory will be all too brief. University Park is like a golden carpet, and deep sunsets vie with its copper-dyed leaves. Her spires are older and greyer, but more and more dear to me.

Bacup seems far away, and I feel as though I had never worked in a cotton mill; but the scars are there, not to mention the dialect.

Is it not delightful to hear how this earnest student has tackled her work and supplemented her scanty income? In the United States and in Canada it is quite usual for men and women attending University courses to work in their vacations and in spare hours; Emerson did it for one. Nothing could be more honourable, and everyone who reads this should feel glad that this Lancashire girl has followed so good an example.

A DOG IN SEARCH OF HOME

An Eight-Months Walk

We have given many stories of wonderful feats by dogs. A correspondent sends us this very remarkable case.

A boy living outside Paris sent to a breeder of dogs in the north of France requesting him to send him an Irish Setter puppy.

The puppy was placed in a crate and sent by train to the Gare du Nord station, where it was received by its new master, removed from the crate, taken across Paris in a taxi, and put in another train guarded by its master. On reaching its destination, a little village about fourteen kilometres on the other side of Paris, the dog was taken on a lead to its new home.

During the evening the dog was released for exercise in the garden, which was entirely enclosed.

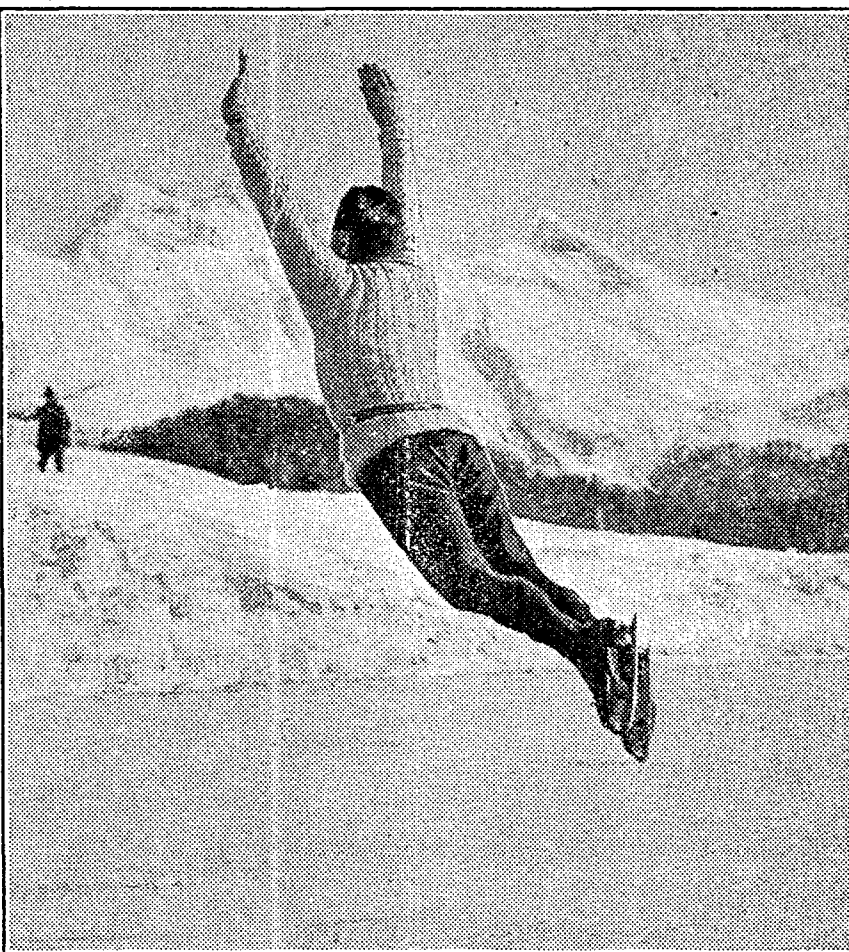
When the time came for the dog to be shut up for the night, however, it was nowhere to be seen. Its master searched high and low, consulted the police, and was out half the night in vain. No trace of the truant could be found.

Eight months later came a letter from the breeder saying the dog had just arrived home! For all those months the poor creature had wandered about in search of its old home.

WINTER SPORTS ARE HERE AGAIN



A party on skis travelling up the Herring Bone Walk at Chantarella



A Canadian visitor gives a fine exhibition of jumping at St. Moritz



Three girls enjoy a run on snow bicycles at Murren



Although the snow is cold, the sun is warm and necessitates a sunshade

Now that the cold weather has come round once more winter sports have begun in Switzerland, and travellers are crowding into St. Moritz, Murren, and other popular centres in the Alps to enjoy a holiday amid the snow and ice

AN OLD FRIEND GOES

END OF A HISTORIC CHURCH

A Little Look Back to Other Days

FLIGHT OF THE HUGUENOTS

Another personality is passing away from London, one of those personalities that live so curiously in the fabric of a public building. The French Church in Shaftesbury Avenue has a double label on the locked doors:

Eglise Fermée
Church Closed

We were always interested in this church, partly because it had a share in the foreign element that makes our great capital so fascinating, and partly because of its history.

England's Open Doors

When the French Protestants abroad were in trouble because of the religious persecutions of the seventeenth century England opened her doors, as she had long before opened them to the Flemish Protestants suffering under Spanish rule in the Netherlands.

After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, denying to Protestants in France the right of public worship, a great number of them came to England. They were called Huguenots. Year after year more came; first the poor and homeless, and then the wealthier classes. They had left France in order to worship according to their faith. Where could they worship in England?

The First French Church

Charles the Second saw that this matter must be dealt with, and he gave the refugees their first church, in what was then the Palace of the Savoy, near the Strand. In fifteen years there were fifty French churches in London.

For a time the foreigners kept themselves isolated. Trade, friendship, marriage, soon broke down their barriers. Their children naturally spoke English as well as French; as generations passed by they became more and more nationalised, their birth only denoted by their names and a lingering foreign manner. Soon even the names changed.

France became to these eighteenth-century French children of London, not the country of a passionate love, but a name, a subject of hearth talk. They formed pictures in their mind of Provence and Picardy as we do of an aunt, much talked of, whom we have never seen.

Presently the need for French churches died away; the English churches sufficed. First one and then another were abandoned.

A Last Stand

In the meantime the Savoy Church had been moved to West London. About 1840 its home was in Hog Lane, which is now part of Charing Cross Road. Then the Huguenots who clung to their ancient traditions tried once more to set up for themselves a worthy church. It cost them a great sum, and they drained themselves to find it. They bought the Shaftesbury Avenue site and called their church St. Jean Evangeliste. But every succeeding ten years their congregation has dwindled, and now the church and the school adjoining can no longer be upheld. The site is for sale. There are now only three French churches in London.

So does an interesting period in our history, which enclosed numberless tales of friendship and hospitality and loyalty, draw to an inevitable end, and who can help feeling sorry when a chapter like this closes?

IMMORTAL MARY ANN

THE GRACE DARLING OF THE FOSSILS

The Dorset Girl Who was Known Throughout Europe

A KING IN A CURIOSITY SHOP

We are all sorry for the disaster at beautiful Lyme Regis, where the gales of the last few weeks have smashed the solid masonry of the sea wall and rent great holes all along the coast. But are there no compensations?

The fact is that the geological formation known as lias, on which Lyme Regis is built, is a mint of buried treasure, not of gold or silver, but of dead monsters, and whereas men must blast and drill gold from its bed, at Lyme Regis storms are the dynamite and the drills. Howling gales and raging tides pulverise the cliffs, and lo, out topple the fossil remains of those dire dragons of the prime which owned the Earth before Man.

The Dean and the Fossil Seller

It was Lyme Regis that first revealed to an astonished world the remains of the ichthyosaurus, the first lizard, 30 feet long and more, with jaws two yards long and toothed like nightmare crocodiles.

These remarkable fossils had their Grace Darling in Mary Ann Anning, a native of Lyme Regis. She was fatherless and poor, but these remains, so mysterious and terrifying to other people, had a meaning for Mary, and, from the time she was ten, she supported herself and her widowed mother by collecting and selling them. Again and again she risked her life to dig out the precious fossils, going down into the sea at low tide and working till her safety was imperilled by the returning waters.

All sorts of amazing theories arose from the fossils which little Mary used to sell, but Dean Buckland fortunately spent a holiday at the town, and Mary took him out with her, she with her skirts pinned up, the Dean with his trouser-legs rolled as high as he could get them, a queer-looking pair.

All the World Startled

The result was that the strange natural history of the giant reptiles was worked out, and all the world was startled. Mary sold her treasures far and near; they were the foundation of the stock of fossil reptiles at the British Museum and also of Oxford University. Many great people went to Mary's tiny curiosity shop, and the British Government paid her £23 for a specimen which took her ten years to excavate.

One day a stranger called and made inquiries, and then said he would write her from home if she would give him her name and address. She wrote it down in his pocket-book, and, handing it to him, said: "I am well known throughout the whole of Europe."

Beginning of a Great Industry

So was he, too, for he was the King of Saxony, and he published the story in a charming book which he afterwards wrote. Mary Ann Anning, having enjoyed life with the satisfaction of being "well known throughout Europe," died in the prime of life in her little one-roomed shop with its small chamber beyond, but science still remembers her lovingly. She only scratched the surface of the graveyard of ancient life, and great fossil riches are still there.

It was the Lyme Regis fossils which suggested to Dean Buckland that these ago-old bones might be ground up to fertilise our fields, and from that scheme sprang the immense industry in artificial fertilisers which keep our soils flourishing and fruitful where they would otherwise have become barren and empty long ago.

THE BOOKS THAT NEVER GROW OLD

Christmas Friends Better Than Ever

ADVENTURE AND FUN IN PICTURE AND COLOUR

When toys are broken, or have lost their attractiveness, books are brought from their places and read with the same enjoyment that they gave when new. A jolly book never grows old.

There is nothing most people appreciate more as a gift than a book; nothing possibly, that will give you greater pleasure yourself. This year's gift books are more fascinating than ever. There is a whole host to choose from and something to suit every taste. Some of our old and popular favourites are brighter and better than they have ever been.

For our younger readers we can recommend nothing more highly than the Playbox Annual and Tiger Tim's Annual, in which those ever-popular characters, Tiger Tim and the Bruin Boys, will be found. Their adventures are one long joy. Then we have Wonderland and Puck Annuals, both of which are packed with splendid stories and pictures, with jokes, puzzles, riddles, games, and all sorts of other entertaining things.

Thrills at Home and Abroad

For boys and girls a little older, who love adventure and tales of school life, there are four very fine Annuals from which to choose. The Champion Annual is sheer adventure, with thrilling yarns of lands far distant and of our own homeland. The Holiday Annual is full of delightful stories of school life, introducing the boys of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood Schools. There are articles in both books on games, hobbies, and things to make and do. Boys will revel in them.

For girls we have the Schoolgirl's Own Annual and the Golden Annual, both of which are full of entertaining school and adventure tales.

A Wealth of Colour

There are pictures in abundance and coloured plates in all these gift books. Those for the younger folk have many coloured pages as well, shades such as red, green, and blue being used lavishly.

There is not a dull moment in any of these Annuals from cover to cover. Every page contains some fresh surprise—every page can be read over and over again. The price of each of them is 6s., with the exception of the Golden Annual, which costs 4s. 6d.

A FISH MYSTERY

Wholesale Poisoning on the Broads

THE REASON WHY

Around the village of Hickling, in the shallow waters of the Norfolk Broads, fish have been dying by the thousand, and men of science have been trying to discover why.

They suspect a certain weed which grows hardly anywhere else, but clusters thickly there. But the weed has been there always—why should it suddenly start poisoning the fish?

It is believed the queer autumn weather is to blame. The mild, moist weather kept them alive much later than usual, and then sharp frosts killed them in a night. The weeds give out gases poisonous to fish, but as their tips come just above the water these gases usually escape into the air and do no harm. But with the frost they collapsed with one accord, and as they rotted at the bottom of the water the gases got into the water instead.

It was the fish that keep near the bottom of the water that were most affected. The weeds were so thick that the water was discoloured and the smell of decaying vegetation was strong.

THE HILL OF SION

A Dream Broken After 3000 Years

RIFLE SHOTS ON MOUNT HERMON

These few words came over the cable from Palestine the other day and found their place, with hardly a note of comment anywhere, in the daily papers:

Rifle shots have been exchanged on the slopes of Mount Hermon.

That was all, save the scarcely necessary addition that the incident was only part of the shameful strife between the French and their enemies in Syria.

Mount Hermon! Was there no magic in the name to stir and thrill, to summon tears to the heart for a lovely illusion, suddenly shattered after 3000 years? Those shots told of skirmish and battle between armed forces in a scene for which eternal peace and loving-kindness among men were prophesied.

War and Geography

Never since the Crusades has Christendom been so familiar with the geography of the Bible as is the case today. How ironical, though sadly inevitable it seems, that it is war which has furnished us with this unprecedented knowledge of those lands in which the hopes of Man first dawned and his promise of salvation was formulated!

Mount Hermon is the Hill of Sion, the beautiful mountain to whose dewy slopes and snow-covered heights the Israelites raised their eyes when the pitiless Sun parched the great plains over which they toiled. It was a sanctuary of peace, a place of cool streams, a bulwark guarding their northern border.

From its summit they might see Lebanon, whence were to come the mighty cedars for their temple. The ancient city of Dan lay within its shadow, and near it sprang the silvery fountains of the Jordan. They called it Hermon and they called it Sion; they regarded it as a sacred place, and wove poems about it which all Christians recite or sing to this day.

Hallowed as a Second Ark

Jerusalem was Sion, too, site of their temple and their capital; but this grand romantic mountain, where shots have now been flying, seems to have been hallowed as a second ark, the setting for a ceremony of holiest significance. And in a happy hour David sang a Song of Sion which might give us a motto for the League of Nations:

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

From that time forth until now Mount Hermon has been numbered with the holy places of the Earth, a symbol of unity and goodwill. Yet what brings it into the news today? Just a few grim words: Rifle shots have been exchanged on the slopes of Mount Hermon.

MEN PASS

But the Work Goes On

The League of Nations is doing honour to the memory of two pioneers of its Health Organisation who lost their lives in the service of humanity.

A scholarship and a prize for research in connection with malaria are to be founded to carry on the work of Dr. Norman Lothian and Dr. Dorling, British and American members of the League's Malaria Commission, who were killed in a motor accident this year while studying means of stamping out the disease in Syria. All over the world, and often at great peril, the work of the League's crusaders of health is going on.

THE SILENCE

HOW WE KEPT ARMISTICE DAY

The Three Acts of Homage to Our Noble Dead

BLUE TRAIN TRIBUTE

The Great Silence of Armistice Day was kept with great impressiveness throughout the British Empire and in many other countries of the world. It has found, we may hope, a permanent place in our national life.

In some towns there were remarkable scenes. At Scarborough coastguards rowed out to sea and dropped a wreath overboard. At Blackburn two steeplejacks on a huge chimney could be seen kneeling during the two minutes. In a London tramcar the passengers stood and sang "O God Our Help in Ages Past." At Hull the signal for the Silence was given by the buzzer which used to give warning of the Zeppelins.

The Cenotaph

All the day a vast throng moved slowly past the Cenotaph, and the wreaths were a wondrous sight. One bunch of red roses was from a mother who lost a boy in every year of the war; one wreath was from a mother whose son came back: "To the mothers who gave their sons that mine might live."

A rather remarkable thing occurred this year, a memorable example that the power of public opinion is as strong, as ever when roused in a moral cause. There has been far too much dancing and revelry on Armistice Day in past years, and a ball had been arranged at the Albert Hall in London. In this seventh year of the Armistice a wave of moral indignation swept through the country at the thought of such a carnival, and at the last moment it was abandoned, and the Albert Hall was filled instead with a vast throng invited there by the Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Mr. Sheppard, who conducted a simple service to which thousands vainly sought to gain admission.

A C.N. Idea

One thing it is desirable to call attention to. The railways have found it difficult to stop their trains, as they used to do, but at least trains should be stopped in the heart of cities. Round about the C.N. office, and for a great distance about Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's, the Silence was spoiled for thousands of people by the noisy shunting of trains on the Southern Railway.

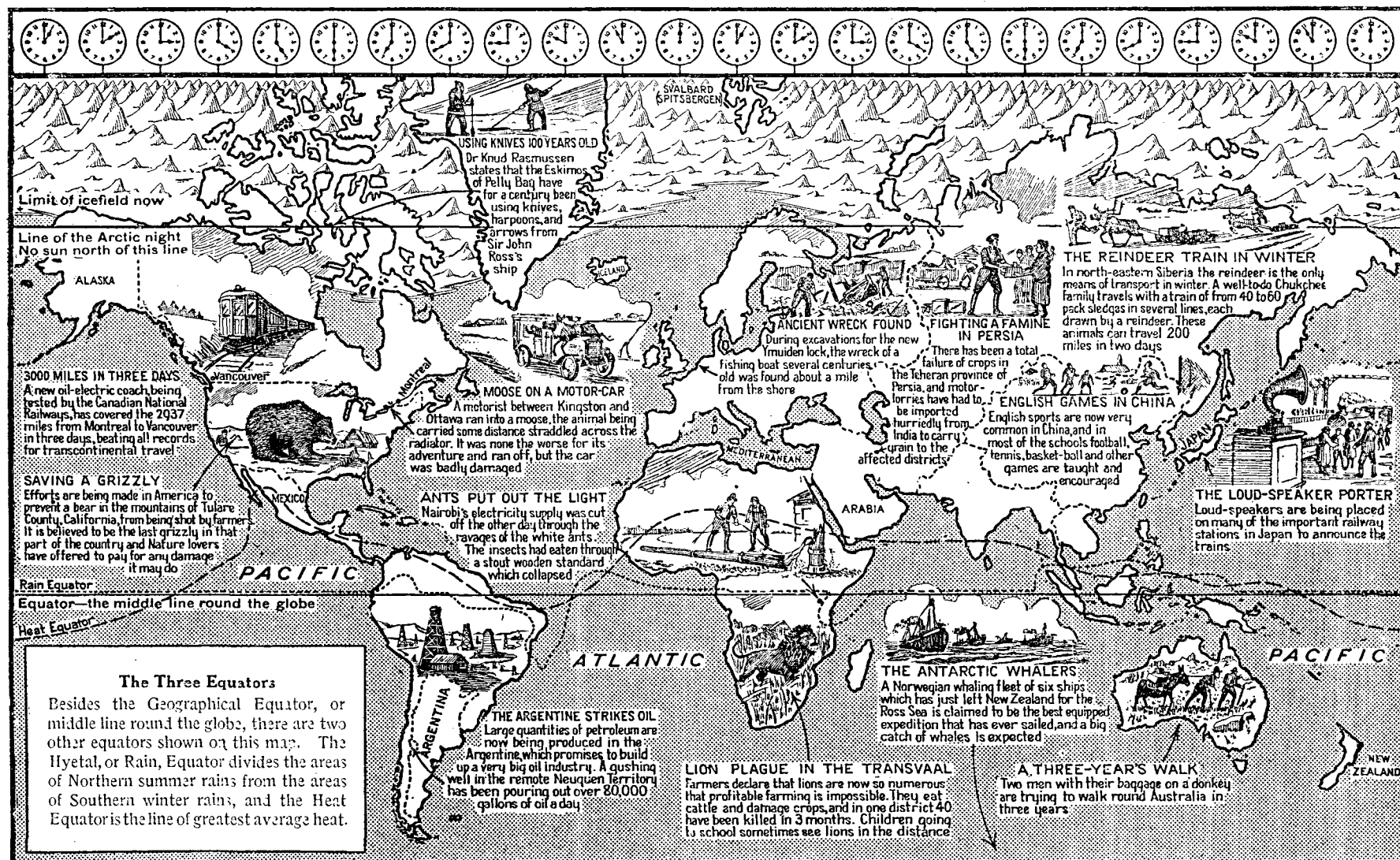
One new feature of Armistice Day this year the C.N. was able to introduce with the cooperation of the International Sleeping Car Company and the French Government—a beautiful tribute to the British dead who sleep in France.

The Happy Remember the Dead

The Blue Train, running daily to the south of France, has come to be regarded as perhaps the finest train on the railways of the world. It is the summit of luxury in travel. It stands as the outward and visible sign of such happiness as wealth can bring. The Editor of the C.N. felt that this fine train might do a fine thing in keeping with our national spirit. We raise our hats as we pass the Cenotaph. Why should not the Blue Train slow down as it passes the cemetery at Etaples, where our heroes lie?

The authorities in charge of the French railways eagerly accepted the suggestion, and, while arranging immediately for the slowing-down on Armistice Day, sought an official decree authorising the observance on all other days. Unhappily, it was found that there were too many technical difficulties in the way of the regular slowing-down, and the act is to be confined to the day of the Great Silence, once a year. There has thus come into the world a third dramatic act of homage to our British dead—the Two Minute Silence, the pause before the Cenotaph, and now the Blue Train Tribute.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



MILTON & THE MOVIES

But what is Wrong with Kinema?

It is surprising to find such a brilliant English scholar as Mr. J. C. Squire advocating an Americanism.

Mr. Squire says that both cinema and kinema are ugly words, and thinks it is better for us to do as they do in the United States, and call our picture-houses the Movies.

The C.N. agrees that Cinema is an ugly word, and it has always insisted on the K, as the old Greeks did when they wanted to talk of movement. But there is surely no excuse for introducing such a phrase as Mr. Squire suggests. Yet he has discovered a justification which may appeal to scholarly people.

In the Areopagitica, the magnificent pamphlet written by Milton in defence of the freedom of the press, we find the word Motions used to describe a device producing the effect of a moving picture by means of a continuous series of drawings of the same object slightly altered. This is the actual basic principle of the kinema.

Perhaps we shall now have American scholars insisting yet again on their claim to trace American slang (for example, such phrases as *I guess*) back to the antique springs of an earlier English no longer used in England.

A STRAW BLOWING THE RIGHT WAY

Every Little Helps

A straw will show which way the wind blows. American citizens have not always approved British foreign policy, but the Dawes settlement and the Locarno Treaty have made a difference.

Now an American citizen, born in England, has sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer a cheque for £1000 towards the British debt to America "to show his admiration for Britain's attitude in international affairs."

Only a straw, perhaps, but it is blowing in the right direction.

THE BIRD AND THE HAT

An Incident of the Countryside

There is no doubt that colour has a strong attraction for many creatures. What may have been an instance is described by a girl in Scotland.

My friends and I went out into the country from Glasgow. After a time we felt tired and sat down in a field almost covered with poppies. Some of these we gathered, and one of my friends jokingly trimmed my brown hat with a few of the flowers.

As I was walking home slowly I felt as if a weight had come on my head, and, touching my hat, I felt the weight suddenly lift. Looking round, I saw a small bird fly away. My companions then told me that it had settled on my head and had stood there for some time before I moved. Would it be the red of the poppies that attracted it? We have no doubt it was the flowers, or possibly insects on the flowers.

CRUELTY TO A STAG

How Some People Enjoy Themselves

A description of a day's enjoyment by members of the Mid-Kent Hunt tells how they chased a stag on to the sea-shore, and in its fright the animal dashed into the sea. It was seen three miles out and a boat put out to it, but had to return through the roughness of the water.

The stag drifted another three miles and then managed to make for the shore. Surely by then it was too exhausted to run further, and was left in peace. No, the hounds went after it again, but we are glad to say that, in spite of their rest, the stag was swifter than the dogs, and made good its escape. It was still one too many for the chivalrous sportsmen of the Mid-Kent Hunt.

LOSING A KING AND FINDING A PARLIAMENT

The Little State of Annam

Annam has lost a king and found a Parliament.

We do not often have news from Annam, though it is a notable French State in Indo-China with a long and prosperous history. The king of the little State has just died.

Up to now Annam has been governed under French guidance by a king and his Council of Ministers, but under a new king who has just come to the throne the people are to be granted a Parliament, through which they will be able to express their wishes. Parliaments, of course, are almost a new idea in the East, where many of the people cannot read or write, but the Annamites have shown themselves a go-ahead race and worthy of responsibilities.

It is a good sign of the times that another Eastern nation is following in the footsteps of Japan.

STEAM ROLLER THROUGH AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT

Why a Dangerous Driver Got Off

A steam-roller has been driven through an Act of Parliament. They used to do it with coaches and fours, but a steam-roller is more up-to-date.

The driver of the steam-roller was charged with dangerous driving of a carriage, but his lawyer denied that he was in charge of a carriage. His steam-roller, he urged, was not a carriage, because it did not carry anything, except a drunken driver.

The magistrate agreed that that was so, and dismissed the case. No doubt it is an offence to be drunk in charge of a steam-roller, but he was not charged with that. So he got off—this time.

ESCAPE FROM A ZOO

Adventures of a Leopard

A DOLEFUL TALE FROM NEW ZEALAND

Not long ago an escaped leopard was roaming Paris for days. Now comes the story from New Zealand of another escaped leopard, but in this case there was no chase, because no one knew where it had gone.

For twenty-five days the leopard was missing, no one having set eyes on it since it broke out from the St. Helier Zoo. People went about in daily terror of its pouncing out from some hiding-place, and the farmers were trembling for the safety of their livestock. Yet nothing happened.

At last four men in a boat saw the poor thing floating dead in the bay, and towed it in. It had evidently been dead only a day or two, and the question was, how it had lived and where it had been in the meantime. There is a tannery in the outskirts of St. Helier, and stained footprints were found there which led to the conclusion that the animal had fallen into one of the vats and scrambled out only to fall into another. It got away, somehow, and is supposed to have licked itself and so become ill with the stuff it swallowed.

Its illness would make it want not food but water, and it is thought to have hidden in a wooded creek and then got fast in the deep mud at low tide, whence it was swept exhausted out to sea. Poor little leopard! It appears to have been quite young, though it measured six feet from nose to tail.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Flemish tapestry panel . . .	£2400
Elizabethan needlework picture	£1100
2 Brussels tapestry panels . . .	£700
An English silver inkstand, 1755	£609
An Adam sideboard	£378
An etching by Whistler	£255

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 28 1925

Winter is Coming On

IN the best of books there is a letter from an old traveller to a young friend of his.

Winter was drawing near, and even in those southern lands around the Mediterranean winter is not like summer. Paul (for this was the traveller's name) asked his friend Timothy to send him the cloak he had left in Troas, and the books, and especially the parchments. The cloak was a warm, long winter garment; the books were rolls of papyrus, and the parchments were probably sheets of vellum on which notes might be written.

There we must leave that brave traveller. Whether he received the cloak or not we cannot say. Whether he read his books again, or wrote more of his wonderful notes, we do not know. But we can tell what Paul needed when winter came. A warm cloak, books, and parchments!

As for ourselves, there are the winter garments ready to be taken out of their hiding-place when the days grow cold. Perhaps, when we put them on, we might remember that there are some poorer than we are, who have no warm cloaks when the cold days come.

But it was "books and parchments" that Paul needed. All great travellers are great readers. There are men, like Mr. Dan Crawford, in the long grass of Africa, who read many books. One of the noblest of travellers crossing the Great Thirst Land read one of Carlyle's very long books; and in the diary of that immortal traveller, Livingstone, we read that at a certain place he read the Bible three times from cover to cover. Ask any sea captain off for a long voyage what he is taking with him for his reading.

Paul had not many books; but he loved to read them, and when winter came he did not think himself properly ready unless he had his papyrus rolls. We are coming near to winter, and many of us will have our evenings uncomfortably full with home work. Then there is the wireless, too, in these days. None the less, it is true that all of us have some time for reading. The real difficulty that we have is to choose, among so many books, what to read. Some books look too much like work. Others seem to be more solemn than they really are. Did you ever read *The Bible in Spain*? If not, try it. As a matter of fact there are thousands of good books not across the sea as Paul's papyrus rolls were, but on our shelves or in the nearest library, waiting for us to read. It was about such books that Southey wrote:

*My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.*

Winter is coming, and there are these good friends waiting for us by the fire.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



For the Weary Traveller

ONE man asked another the other day to describe benevolence. The other pondered for a moment, and then told an old, but true story.

"A traveller in Asia Minor, in a time of distressing drought, found a vase of water under a little shed by the roadside, put there for the refreshment of the weary traveller. A man in the neighbourhood was in the habit of bringing the water from a considerable distance, filling the vase every morning, and then going to his work. He could have no motive to do this but a kind regard to the comfort of weary travellers, for he was never there to receive their thanks, much less their money."

"I think that was benevolence," said the man who told the story.



Locarno

A Wise Man Prophesies

THEY have been considering in America who went the first ride in a motor-car there. The Chancellor of Stanford University in California, Dr. Jordan, says he did. He tells us that the first going car was built in 1892 in San Francisco, and its first ambitious hop was through the Santa Clara valley, about twenty-six miles. Dr. Jordan was invited to get in by its owner, a man named Elliott, who had built it from designs he had seen in a French paper.

Up the hill they went in this queer little affair, made like a one-seated buggy, with very small wheels and no tyres. There were numerous stops for water, and for time to cool off, and they came down the hill smartly, as they had worn out their brakes. But at the bottom Dr. Jordan prophesied. He said there would be a new profession, that of the motor engineer! Says Dr. Jordan: *Men laughed at me then, as they do now, when I prophesy that some day, not too far off, men will have outlawed war.*

May he be right again!

The just man, the upright man, is he who measures his rights by his duties.

LACORDAIRE

The Eyes that Fail

THIS sad little note comes from the Isle of Skye:

Miss A. M. regrets that owing to failing eyesight she will not require the C.N. when her year's subscription expires. She likes it better than any other paper she has known.

Is it not a note to fill the eyes with tears and the heart with sympathy? We pray for great courage and much consolation for our good friend at Skye.

Tip-Cat

DIGNITY is one of the most admirable characteristics of the British. When they don't stand on it.

AN M.P. says his wife has an excellent husband. We hope he is not too good to be true.

CANNED foods, according to a doctor, are safer than fresh. They might go wrong, but can't if you can them.

WHAT exactly did Locarno do? The answer is that it changed the balances of power for the scales of justice.

A VERY big gramophone combine has been formed. It is expected to be a record concern.

PLUMBERS, according to one, have to keep their wits about them. But they generally leave their tools at home.

AN earthquake up North shook some people out of bed. They thought it was all up with them; but it was only all down.

A KING has been attending a bricklayer's wedding. Toadying with the rich again.

A PIECE of felt never knows whether it will be a man's hat at fifteen shillings or a woman's at fifteen pounds.

MR. FORD sees a century of prosperity ahead. A pity we have not all got his start.

THE Home Secretary thinks the streets are not nearly so dangerous as they will be in another ten years. That's one comfort!

The Poor Men of Downing Street

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

I am forced to confess that I could not pick up sixpence from the floor of the Cabinet room in Downing Street, even if I used a vacuum cleaner.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin

I would only observe that Mr. MacDonald has certainly not left sixpence there behind him.

Who can help being sorry for our poor Prime Ministers, looking for sixpences where no sixpences are?

PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If composers give themselves airs

Daddy's Penny and Mine

DADDY says he used to stare (That was very long ago) Through the sweet-shop windows where,

Ranged on shelves and row by row,
Stood the bottles round and high,
Full of sweets for all to buy.

And a penny
Would buy many
Toffee-balls and Pomfret-cakes,
Lumps of rock and almond-bakes,
Barley-sugar sticks and long-
Lasting bull's-eyes hot and strong
Brandy snaps and acid drops:
Then a penny
Would buy many,
Oh, so many lollipops.

I SUPPOSE it must be true,
But today it only seems
Like the wonders that we do
In our make-believe and
dreams;
Still the bottles row on row
Stand as in the long-ago;

But a penny
Scarce buys any
Toffee balls or Pomfret-cakes,
Lumps of rock or almond-bakes,
Barley-sugar sticks or long-
Lasting bull's-eyes hot and strong
Brandy-snaps or acid drops:
Now a penny
Scarce buys any,
Hardly any lollipops.

Neil Bell, in Child Verses from Punch, just published by Saville (3s. 6d.).

What is Neddy Doing?

By Our Country Girl

HOW many of us think today of the seaside town we left behind in the summer? You would hardly recognise the empty streets, the idle shops, the naked sands. The tents, the pierrots, the ice-cream barrows, the balloon men, the coloured sunshades, have vanished. Very sad are the landladies and tradesmen.

But very glad are the donkeys. They wander about the cliffs or some common inland. For all the care they get, they might be wild donkeys, but this native of Central Asia, after making the best of English wind and weather all the winter, will be claimed next summer, and saddled for us.

Neddy is held up as the model of stupidity. He has been called the "tattered outlaw of the Earth." Yet the poet who so calls him reminds us that this lowliest of beasts had his great moment:

Fools! for I also had my hour,
One far fierce hour and sweet,
There was a shout about my ears
And palms before my feet.

For the sake of that hour in Palestine two thousand years ago let us be sparing of our whips when summer comes again. Meanwhile our ragged steed stands in the lee of some hedge, or crops the scanty grass, come rain, come snow, or come North-Easter. Might he not stand, to us at least, for patience instead of for stupidity?

Justice is the sum of all the other virtues. MARCUS AURELIUS

November 28, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

MOST WONDERFUL RIDE IN THE SKY HOW ALL ROME WAITED FOR A MAN

35,000 Miles Over Ocean and
Mountain and Desert Sands
WHAT THE TRAVELLER SAW

On a November Saturday in Rome, with a blue sky overhead, every Roman who could leave his room went into the open air to look up. The public squares were crowded, the roofs, the balconies, the banks of the Tiber.

Where the river enters the city at the Port of Rome a platform had been erected for the notables; and Senators, officials, the Mayor, soldiers, and Parliament men waited on it. All looked to the sky for something that was to appear there.

It came, and a cry or a murmur went up from the ancient city to welcome this new thing which, like a bird coming from afar, grew larger and larger till it became a seaplane with whirring engines. It was now over the city about which it circled, and then with a spiral turn settled like a gull on the yellow flood of old Father Tiber. Colonel Marchese de Pinedo, the flying man from Australia, had arrived.

Symbol of the New Spirit

Not the greatest of the old Roman Emperors whose proconsuls had upheld their sway from the Golden Horn to the Western Isles, and from the forests of the Rhine to the sands of Africa, had dreamed of a world such as this airman had skimmed in six months. No wonder that the Dictator, Mussolini, in embracing him, said that his exploit was a symbol of the new spirit in Italy.

The Marchese de Pinedo set out on his flight, with a mechanic as his sole companion, on April 21. He came back to the Rome he had left, on the same machine, and it had carried him 35,000 miles over ocean and mountain range and desert.

Over Bagdad to Baluchistan

From Rome he struck eastwards over Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, leaving behind him as he flew the trailing caravans and the swift motor service to Bagdad. For him the desert had no perils except the eddies of heated air above it. From Bagdad he passed high above Baluchistan, heedless of its sterile mountains and its unceasing sand-laden winds, till he came to India. India's plains unrolled themselves beneath him. Jungle and forest and river and cities half as old as Time were but milestones on his day's journey.

When India had been crossed the flight continued still over land down the Malay Peninsula, where half-subdued brown men share the forest with the tiger and the wild elephant, and where the jungle has crept close to Angkor, the palace of ancient kings and emperors like those of Rome. Then, taking-off from that tongue of land which juts like a peninsula, the flying-boat became an ocean-goer. It threaded its easy way between Sumatra and Borneo, looking down on the ocean-going ships like children's toys on the blue waters below; and on to Java, with its smoking volcanoes and the rice-fields climbing up half way to their summits.

Across the Indian Ocean

Batavia welcomed him, and on the crowded waters of steaming Sourabaya the fishermen looked up at him from the same boats that their fathers sailed when Nero saw Rome burning. The airman left the swirling straits of Krakatoa, whose explosion shook the world, and flitted across the Indian Ocean to Australia with a swoop like an albatross on the wing.

The flying-boat circled the continent. The pearlers of Western Australia, the families of the Swan River, the whalers setting out from Albany, saw the Marchese pass overhead. Adelaide, Melbourne,

THE ANGEL OF PEACE IS ABROAD

FROM oldest and rudest times the passing round of the loving-cup after a feast has been held to be a sacred pledge of fair dealing and goodwill. In it was drowned all enmity and ill-feeling.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet in the London Guildhall, this year, the German Ambassador, Dr. Sthamer, sat between Mrs. Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, British Minister for Foreign Affairs, and when the loving-cup came round he drank in it first with Mrs. Baldwin and then with Mr. Chamberlain.

Afterwards, in proposing the health of the Ambassadors, Mr. Chamberlain turned to the Lord Mayor and said:

"My Lord Mayor, thanks to your hospitality, I have drunk tonight of the loving-cup with the German Ambassador. What he and I have done this evening may our nations do tomorrow. We will work in the spirit of

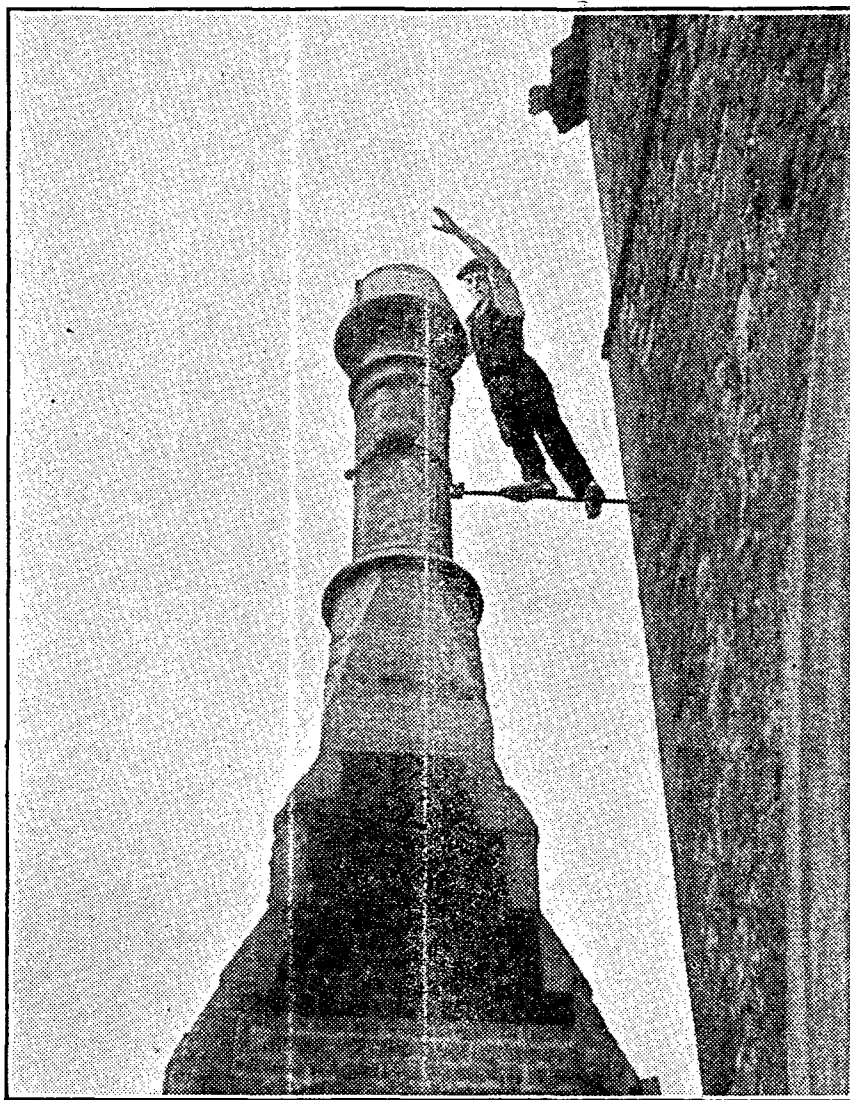
Locarno, that the peace of the world may be kept and civilisation recover from the wounds it has suffered.

"No statesmen," Mr. Chamberlain went on to say, "dare take the responsibility before History of dashing from our lips the cup of hope that Locarno has presented."

Ten years ago who would have dared to prophesy that such a thing would happen? That it has happened now is surely proof that the peace spirit is abroad at last. And that the peace spirit is abroad is due, above all, to four statesmen whose names should ever be held in honour: Mr. Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Herriot.

Thanks to their zeal the war spirit is passing away, and we can say, almost in the words of John Bright: *The Angel of Peace is abroad in the land; you can almost hear the beating of his wings.*

A LITTLE MAN ALOFT



A church in East Ham, St. John's, having ceased to be used, is being pulled down to make way for other buildings. Here we see a steeplejack engaged in the work of demolition standing in a perilous position on one of the pinnacle stays

Sydney turned out to give him a cheer, and Brisbane, with its sunshine and its dust, saw him lift up from the water again to make his way to the Philippines. There the elements, which had smiled on him, turned sour. A heavy squall drove him far from his course into remote waters. The flying-boat came down safely but was so filled that it could not lift. The Marchese and his mechanic had to take to a native Filipino canoe, and the canoe capsized.

That sort of mishap was not enough to stop this flier. He got ashore, he got back to his seaplane, righted her, and set forth again. Then the monsoon came down to accomplish what the squall had failed to do. It was not successful. The seaplane soared above it, and continued to soar till the sea had calmed sufficiently to allow it to alight. After that the winds allowed the voyagers to proceed, and they went on till they came to Japan. The plane had to be refitted and

reconditioned, but the engine was as hearty as ever, and when, after a stay of three weeks in the Land of the Rising Sun, the Marchese set out to the Setting Sun in the West, the same engine bore him home.

On the last stages of this great journey the westering Sun was the airman's lighthouse. He left Japan in a thunderstorm, and came in sunshine to Rangoon, Bangkok, and Calcutta. Thence, by the straightest line, the seaplane fled for home. There were 15,000 miles to go. Three weeks and a day were enough for them, and to a day and an hour the voyager returned to Rome and to the Romans who awaited him. It has been said that the aeroplane has destroyed romance by laying bare the mysterious places of the world. But it creates its own romance as it flies, and no romance is more wonderful than that which the Marchese de Pinedo has written in the skies.

TALKS WITH SHAKE- SPEARE'S FRIEND

ARE THEY A FORGERY?

A Bombshell Thrown into the
World of Books

DRUMMOND AND BEN JONSON

While the world is waiting for the examination of an old manuscript which may give us news of Shakespeare, the literary world is startled by the suggestion that another old manuscript, giving us the news of Shakespeare's friend Ben Jonson, is a forgery.

A little book of 80 small pages, from the pen of Mr. C. L. Stainer, M.A., has come quietly from a publishing house at Oxford, and has, as yet, been almost unnoted in the grown-up papers. It asserts that one of the most notable of our literary treasures is a forgery.

The book it denounces is the Conversations of Ben Jonson with Drummond of Hawthornden, first published in 1711. Since then its statements have been embodied in every volume which has dealt with the history and principal figures of Shakespeare's age.

The Story of the Book

This is the story. In 1618, or the year following, Ben Jonson set out on a walk to Scotland, and while there he stayed for some days with William Drummond of Hawthornden, near Edinburgh. Drummond wrote down brief jottings of the talks, and left the manuscript with his other papers at his death in 1649.

Many years later the Conversations were published for the first time in an edition of Drummond's works, the whole being edited by Thomas Ruddiman, the Scottish grammarian, and Bishop Sage, not at all the sort of men who would be likely to commit forgery. They wrote that the manuscript of the Conversations was in their possession.

A Scrap of Paper

In 1782 the great-granddaughter of Drummond gave a quantity of her ancestor's papers to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, by whom they were neglected till 1824. Then a scholar searched them for the Conversations, but could find only a scrap of an envelope bearing their title. But he found in the manuscripts of Sir Robert Sibbald, a famous Scottish antiquary, who lived from 1641 to 1722, "an exact copy" in Sir Robert's writing of the missing manuscript, and upon that copy edition after edition of the work has since been based.

Well, Mr. Stainer says it is all a forgery, though no one can see what advantage such a crime could have conferred on anyone. Probably he denies too much, and is too confident and sweeping. A letter from Jonson to Drummond is signed "Johnson," therefore, he says, that letter is a forgery. But does he forget that the letter was in print 56 years before the Conversations appeared?

As to the spelling, which the critic thinks so vital, the State papers spelled it Johnson.

Jonson and Spenser

Two further points may be raised. Jonson is represented as saying, "The Irish having robbed Spenser's goods and burnt his house and a little new-born child; he and his wife escaped, and he died for lack of bread." Mr. Stainer flatly denies the whole story. But a bald negative is hardly convincing. The Spenser scholars do not reject the story.

But there is in this remarkable book so much criticism seemingly unanswerable that the lover of the Conversations must tremble until it is answered. Literary forgeries have been so gross in the past, plays, poems, and even false languages have been fabricated and attached to great names, that what is to live must be secure beyond all question, able to abide the most searching test.

A GOOD MAN FROM CHINA

Great Republic's New Ambassador

A TRIUMPH OF CHARACTER

China has sent Dr. W. W. Yen to London as her new ambassador.

Yen Hui Ching, to give him his Chinese name, was born in Shanghai 47 years ago, in a Christian home. He was educated at a mission school, and later at St. John's University in Shanghai, a missionary college which has given to China several of its best leaders. On leaving St. John's he went to America, where he spent five years at the University of Virginia, securing several of the most coveted prizes.

On his return to China Dr. Yen was appointed Professor of English at his old college, and later he was drawn into journalism, and then into diplomacy.

After a short period in Washington as second Secretary of the Legation he was appointed Chinese Minister to Germany and Denmark. He remained in Germany till China joined the Allies, when he went to Denmark. At that time China needed Dr. Yen's counsels at home, and he was made first Under-Secretary and afterwards Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Prime Minister at 44

The high regard in which he is held is proved by the fact that, though the Government of China changed several times, Dr. Yen continued as Foreign Secretary, and at one time, when conditions in China were particularly unsettled, acted as Prime Minister of the Chinese Republic. The mission school-boy had climbed to a dizzy height, becoming Premier of the largest Republic in the world at 44.

But, with it all, Dr. Yen is quite unspoiled. He is one of the real patriots of his country. He sides with no party or faction, but strives towards the welfare of the nation as a whole. All through his rapid rise to place and power he has been loyal to his religious upbringing. His progress is a triumph of character.

As a representative of the best elements and aspirations in China's life today Dr. Yen will be cordially welcomed in London by all people of goodwill.

ROAD ACCIDENTS

Why They Happen and How to Stop Them

What is to be done about the increased number of accidents on the road, due to the great increase of motor-cars? A great authority on motors, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, has been trying to answer the question.

First, of all, he says, we must not exaggerate the danger. There are a million and a half people now holding driving licences, and there are about ten thousand new ones every month. If there were a hundred accidents a day (which there are not) the odds would be 12,000 to one against any one driver being in an accident, and 120,000 to one against anyone being killed.

The number of accidents has grown even faster than the number of cars, but even now only one vehicle in twenty has an accident once in a year.

Lord Montagu examines causes and discusses remedies. Reckless and careless drivers, he says, should be "prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." Inexperienced drivers must get experience as fast as they can. People must be taught the rules of the road at school, and must be made to observe them.

Hedges and banks should be cut down at corners; signs should be put up at cross-roads showing which is the main road to which those on the other must give way; slippery surfaces must be gritted; white lines should be put down wherever possible.

THE MONEY AND THE MEN

Cost of the War

We have been hearing a lot about what countries owe each other for money lent to carry on the war; but money is not the only cost of war, unhappily. What of the lives?

A French actuary, M. Barriol, has been calculating that the life of a British soldier is worth £828 to his country, a French or a Belgian soldier £580, an American £944, a Russian £404. Multiplying these figures in each case by the number of lives lost, we get the financial value of the loss in killed in each of the countries named.

America, according to this sort of calculation of man-power, lost 103 million pounds, Belgium 159 millions, Britain 695 millions, France 604 millions, and Russia 1620 millions in this way. Is it not strange, by the way, how completely we forget nowadays the appalling sacrifices of Russia in the war, with her four million dead?

BEGINNING EARLY

A Little Composer of Four

A little girl of four has been writing a piece of music, and she sent it to Sir Walford Davies. It was a very nice little composition, and Sir Walford told the students at Gresham College about it when he was lecturing there.

Dr. Davies has been giving a series of talks on music by wireless to schools, and in this way has made a great many friends. Very many compositions by boys and girls have come to him, some poor, some fair. The piece written by this tiny girl naturally attracted his attention, and he spoke to the students of its tunefulness, its good balance.

He was particularly cheered by the pile of work sent in from schools. It showed that marvellous strides were being taken in instruction, he said.

GUARDIAN PAT

A Dog that Understood

This dog story comes to us from Scotland. It shows a dog's protective instinct over its owner's property that is common enough in trained breeds, but unusual in a small pet.

We were on the sands with some of our friends when they left their clothes on the beach and their little dog Pat to guard them while they went bathing.

They were bathing some time and the sea began to come in. When it got quite near the clothes Pat began to bark, but his mistress did not hear him.

Then some people came along the beach, and Pat left the clothes, ran to them, started to jump round them, and ran from them to the clothes.

They saw what he meant, and took up the clothes and put them out of reach of the sea.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE BOLSHEVIK

The Crime of Reading the Bible

In Russia the Bible may not be taught in schools; that is the way the Bolsheviks believe that freedom of religious belief is to be secured.

The peasants of the agricultural Commune of Chernigoff are to be tried in a mass for working for the overthrow of the Soviet Government. They are followers of Tolstoy, and so they have neglected to celebrate the anniversary of the Revolution, or to sing the Bolshevik Internationale, or to read the Soviet newspapers; also, they have read the Bible and taught it to their children.

It is to be feared that it will go hard with them.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



A Ramsgate trawler lately landed a catch of turbot valued at over £750.

Power alcohol is being made in Australia from crushed prickly-pear cactus plants.

Sixteen potatoes which weighed two pounds have produced a crop scaling 127 pounds and numbering 586.

Miss H. Smith, a Leicestershire lady, has died at the age of 79, in the house she was born in.

Postman-Mayor

Councillor Spiers, the town postman, has been chosen Mayor of Brackley.

Our Memorials

There are now more than eight thousand war memorials altogether in Great Britain and on the battlefields.

The Shame of Montreal

Montreal has the highest infant death-rate in the whole of the North America.

Mammoth Loud Speaker

A loud speaker with three bell mouths, each 40 feet across and 110 feet high, is being built in Germany.

A Good Catch

More than 145 million herrings have been caught this season at Yarmouth, double last year's number.

America Having a Good Time

America has now twelve million motor-cars, nine million gramophones, and between two and three million wireless sets.

The Railway Bun

During the summer holidays three hundred thousand buns and a million and a half rolls were eaten by passengers of the L.N.E.R.

Lightning Cement

An aluminous cement now being used for making London streets sets hard within two hours of being laid, and has been nicknamed lightning cement.

Tax on Bobbed Hair

In some villages in the Tirol a tax is now being levied on girls with bobbed hair, the idea being to stop what is considered a bad fashion.

Mammoth Dock for the Pacific

A new dry dock which has been blasted out of the solid rock near Victoria, British Columbia, will be able to berth the biggest vessels afloat.

The Shipwrecked Canary

After rescuing seventeen men from a wreck in Carmarthen Bay the crew of the Ferryside lifeboat went back to rescue a canary.

A Curious Coincidence

Killed by a motor-car in a Glasgow street, a boy was picked up by the father of a boy who was killed at the same place on the day before.

A Lucky Somersault

A man working on a 50 foot high scaffold at Sheffield fell, and, turning a somersault in the air, landed on his feet. He resumed work shortly afterwards.

What Edison Says

Mr. Edison said the other day that transmission of light and power by wireless was surely coming, but that there is no cause to believe that it is near at hand.

A Family's Thousand Years

A Rutlandshire family named Little-dyke has reached a thousand years by its combined ages. The father died at 91, the mother at 85, and seven sons were 92, 90, 85, 84, 81, 76, and 70.

Old Tennis Balls

Old tennis balls brighten the lives of thousands of poor children in East London, and you are asked to send any you have to Mr. W. C. Johnson at Toynbee Hall, 28, Commercial Street, London, E.1.

Treating Cruelty Lightly

For confining a linnnet in a cage about four inches by three, in which it had not room to stretch its wings, which measured nine inches, a man at Coventry was fined 10s. only.

Strawberries in November

A C.N. reader in Cornwall writes to tell us that during the first week in November she found five sprays of ripe wild strawberries.

THE WATCH ON THE SCALES

70,000 Short Weights

THE CHALDRON AND THE SACK

One of the oldest and most necessary duties of British Governments is to keep a watch on the weights and scales.

Inspectors are always going round examining the weights in the shops and on street barrows, and testing the capacity of sacks of coal. Last year they examined in London more than 230,000 weights, 1,300,000 measures, and 26,000 weighing instruments, and discovered some very surprising facts.

No fewer than 70,000 weights, nearly 390,000 measures, and over 4600 weighing machines were found to be faulty, and in nearly six hundred cases people were found to be getting short weight of coal. The trouble is that it is usually impossible for customers to test the weight of such things as coal and coke, so that dishonest people take the opportunity to give short weight.

Another trouble is that coke is usually sold by the sack or by the chaldron, and often with little regard to its weight. The gas companies, however, have shown that fair measure can be given, for they weigh coke first in the sack and then the whole load.

The work of the inspectors is the great remedy against short weight in the sale of food, but it looks as if our weights and measures are in some cases out of date.

HAPPIER GLASTONBURY

The Children's Playground

"Have you no playground?" asked a lady, visiting Glastonbury, of some children playing in the road. They told her they had not.

So the good woman set about getting one for them. She bought a piece of land, almost an acre, on a hill where it is fine and healthy.

The Town Council then made the necessary alterations, and had a shelter built for wet weather, while the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association presented the children with a fountain made of beautiful granite. Swings and see-saws will be fitted up soon, it is hoped, and sand for the little ones may be brought from Burnham.

The good lady who was responsible for this kindly deed is Mrs. Mason, from Rye, who has provided children in other towns with similar playgrounds. But it is a shame that such needful things should be left to charity; there ought to be a children's playground in every town and village.

THE WALKERS

Three Girls, a Boy, a Goldfish, and a Pig

Miss Marjorie Royce and Miss Barbara Todd have written a jolly book called *The Very Good Walkers* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). It tells how the Very Good Walkers went to Scotland.

Griselda, Patty, Rosemary and Cecil were the Very Good Walkers. They found they had only enough money to get to York, and the story tells how they did the rest of the way on foot with a friendly lift or two.

A great many adventures, it seems, can befall three girls and a boy going to Scotland, and certainly these Walkers had their share. Jenkinson was with them, a delightful terrier who did his share of getting into scrapes, and there was the goldfish, the pig, the fair, Miss Tooth, and quite a lot of adventure. But they were themselves the best adventure in the story. At least, the people who met them must have thought so.

November 28, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

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ENTERPRISE ON
THE DOORSTEPHow Sandy Doubled His
Wages

A LITTLE PLAY IN TWO ACTS

On the road to Invercargill, in New Zealand, a small boy with sandy hair stepped along with an air of dour determination.

He stopped in front of a house and rang the bell. No answer. He knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again, and presently the door half opened and a woman's head peered out. "And why are ye making all that knocking?" she asked with asperity.

"Is Mr. Blank at home?" asked the sandy-haired boy. "He is not," replied the keeper of the door. "Because," went on the lad, "I've a bill for him that wants paying."

How Act One Ended

The woman prepared to shut the door. "Well, he's not in now," said she. "Perhaps his good lady is in the house," persisted the bill-collector. "She's ill in bed," retorted the woman. "I've got the bill with me," the boy said insinuatingly. "Well, I'm not paying it!" The woman was quite sure about that. "Ah, well," remarked the boy, with resignation, "I'll wait." The woman held the door open a moment longer. "Ye'll wait outside," she said, and slammed it to.

He waited outside. He sat down on the doorstep. He sat there hungrily till dinner-time was past. He sat there till tea-time, and as the day was drawing in, and the lights were beginning to twinkle in the houses, he at last stood up and went back to the shopkeeper who had sent him with the bill and told him to stay on the doorstep till it was paid. End of Act One. The neighbours had been much amused.

A Dramatic Curtain

Act Two opened next morning, when an angry gentleman from the house marched into the shop, flung down a cheque in payment of the bill, and demanded that the bill-boy who had made himself so conspicuous on his doorstep, should be dismissed at once, or else there would be no more custom from him, he concluded.

The manager heard the customer out, and then called out to someone in the back of the shop. The sandy-haired boy re-appeared. "Is this the lad?" asked the manager. It was. "Sandy," said the manager. "Your wages are raised ten shillings a week." Curtain.

FAMILY BURDENS

How France is Meeting Them

By Our Paris Correspondent

The French Government has just made family allowances compulsory.

It has been a much-discussed reform, for which two reasons are given: the low birth-rate and the increase in the cost of living, which is most severely felt by those with large families.

The plan is to create a fund among employers securing them against all risks of inequality in respect of the family burdens of their workpeople. Each employer pays into the fund so much for each day's work, and the entire sum is then divided up, not according to the number of employees in each firm, but according to the numbers of their families.

A single man will receive one part, while a married man with two children will receive four parts, a woman with five children will receive six parts, and so on. Thus an employer who has dismissed a worker with a large family cannot be accused of having got rid of him because he cost too much.

The idea of these allowances is not new. Without being compulsory, they existed already in 160 industrial centres, and at the end of last year the allowances distributed reached 142 million francs.

COMMON OBJECTS OF
THE COUNTRYSIDE

NATURE CONTEST RESULT

In the recent Natural History Contest one reader succeeded in naming correctly all the 30 common objects of the countryside, and to him has been awarded the first prize of £50. He is

A. C. P. CAMPBELL,
c/o Mrs. Swan,
32, Merchiston Avenue,
Edinburgh,

and the Editor offers to him his heartiest congratulations.

Owing to the number of competitors qualifying for the second and third grades of prizes, a slight rearrangement of the prizes has been necessary, and £15 has been divided among the six following competitors whose lists each contained one error:

Miss A. M. Campbell, 79, Beechwood Ave., London-derry; Mrs. F. Campbell, 30, Comiston Drive, Edinburgh; Miss J. Campbell, 30, Comiston Drive, Edinburgh; Miss E. M. Macnair, 62, Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh; W. N. Edwards, 26, High Oaks Road, Welwyn; Miss E. M. Goodman, 7, Barnsley Road, Edgbaston.

A third sum of £10 has been divided among the following ten competitors whose lists came next with two errors each:

A. Campbell, Glasgow; Miss M. R. Campbell, Glasgow; T. V. Campbell, Edinburgh; W. L. Campbell, Edinburgh; F. W. Edwards, Letchworth; Miss J. Edwards, Letchworth; Miss W. Edwards, Welwyn Garden City; Miss E. M. Goodman, Edgbaston; A. J. Wilmott, Wimbledon; Mrs. J. E. Wilmott, Wimbledon.

The fifty prizes of 10s. each have been divided among the following forty-two competitors whose lists came next in order of merit:

Miss L. Appleton, Sutton Oak; Miss R. Appleton, St. Helens; H. Ball, Wallasey; William Barry, Cubitt Town; C. Beaumont, Gt. Blakenham; L. Beaumont, Gt. Blakenham; Miss E. Bulman, Wigston Fields; Jack Bulman, Wigston Fields; Ronald Bulman, Wigston Fields; A. Cann, Ipswich; Fred Cann, Ipswich; E. Crier, Cricklewood; J. Crier, Cricklewood; K. Crier, Cricklewood; A. Desmond, Bangor; Brian Foot, Felixstowe; W. Foot, Felixstowe; Miss G. Galbraith, Dalkeith; W. Galbraith, Dalkeith; Miss A. E. Gould, Worcester; Richard Jones, Fallowfield; Miss E. King, Beckenham; Miss H. King, Beckenham; M. King, Beckenham; W. King, Beckenham; B. Maxwell, Gt. Blakenham; Owen Morris, Talybont; A. A. Openshaw, Heaton PK.; Desmond Owen, Streatham; Alun Roberts, Bethesda; Miss A. Roberts, Bethesda; W. E. Roberts, Chelston; Miss E. Smith, Sale; G. G. Summerfield, Ipswich; W. Summerfield, Ipswich; Joe Thomas, Bwthyn Bach, nr. Menai Bridge; C. W. Titlow, Ipswich; V. Turner, Ipswich; W. S. Turner, Ipswich; F. Waspe, Gt. Blakenham.

Here is the correct list of names:

1. Beechnuts. 2. Hare. 3. Magpie. 4. Puffin. 5. Peacock Butterfly. 6. Wood Woolly-foot. 7. Earwig. 8. Prawn. 9. Long Eared Owl. 10. Bleak. 11. Death's Head Moth Caterpillar. 12. Broad bordered Bee Hawk Moth. 13. Warty Caps. 14. Widgeon. 15. Painted Pufflet Anemone. 16. Interrupted Clubmoss. 17. Savin leaved Clubmoss. 18. High brown fritillary. 19. Chub. 20. Herring Gull. 21. Lanky Morel. 22. Common Shrew. 23. Common Cockchafer. 24. Hornet Clearwing Moth. 25. Sea Horse. 26. Pied Flycatcher. 27. Sandwich Tern. 28. Teasel. 29. Pheasant. 30. Wood Leopard Moth Caterpillar.

YOUNG ENGLAND WITH A
POCKET-KNIFE

The Big and Little Brothers

One hundred and fifty boys have gone to Australia, to work, to find their fortunes, perhaps to become prime ministers. They have a great hope in their hearts, and what do you think each one has got in his pocket? A knife given by the late Lord Mayor of London.

A boy with a good pocket-knife is equal to several other of anything; but this is a blade with a difference. It rings most royally true because it bears the stamp of the Empire. A sentence which not one of those 150 boys will ever be able to forget is graven on the knife: *Be as true as British steel.*

Nothing more splendid has happened for a long time—one hundred and fifty British boys setting out for a vast continent where there is room for them to breathe, to work, to climb; and carrying in their pockets and in their hearts a deathless challenge to nobility.

They are not going to be lonely, this set of boys, for they are Little Brothers, members of the Big Brother Movement. Every one has a friend out there waiting to greet him, a big brother who will lighten the first hours when loneliness and homesickness lie in wait to dishearten and make weak any boy who has just left home.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What are the Foreign Equivalents of Mr.?

French and Belgian, Monsieur; German, Herr; Dutch, Heer; Italian, Signor; Spanish, Señor.

What is the Origin of the Bye in Goodbye?

Goodbye is a meaningless contraction of God be with you, and was formerly written God b'w'y.

When is the Air Heavier, When it is Dry or When it is Moist?

Moist air is lighter than dry air, the ratio of water vapour to air being 100 to 62.

How Long Does a Cow Live?

According to Brehm, the longevity of domestic cattle is from 25 to 30 years, but a cow ceases to give milk before this age.

What Causes the Gossamer Seen in

Fields in Autumn?

It is produced by a tiny spider which often floats on the gossamer as it is blown along by the wind.

Why Will a Knife Not Cut Glass?

Because the glass is harder than the steel of the knife. Some of the modern kinds of exceptionally hard steel will scratch or cut glass.

What is the Total Amount of Russia's

Debt to Great Britain?

Russia owes more to Britain than does any other country; its total debt being £722,545,712.

What is an Artisan?

A mechanic or handicraftsman. The word is derived from the Latin *ars*, meaning art, and so an artisan is really one skilled in some art.

What is the Difference Between a

Minster and a Cathedral?

A minster is, or was originally, the chapel of a monastery; a cathedral is the principal church of a diocese with a bishop's throne.

What Causes a Lamp Shade over a Stove

to Swing To and Fro?

The heat from the stove warms the air, making it lighter, and currents of warm air rise, setting the shade in motion.

Do the Acres in Yorkshire Exceed in

Number the Letters in the Bible?

The number of acres in Yorkshire is 3,882,851, and the number of letters in the Old and New Testaments is 3,566,480.

Why has the Manx Cat such a Short Tail?

The Manx cat is a particular species that in course of ages has developed in this way, just as some cattle have developed short horns, while others have developed long horns.

Do Pineapples Grow on Trees?

No; the plants grow in rows, and each bears its one fruit on the stout central stalk, about a foot above the ground. Around it arch the long, sword-like leaves with very prickly leaves.

Is There any Connection Between

Meteorites and Thunderstorms?

So far as is known there is no connection. Meteorites have been known to fall to the Earth during a thunderstorm, but this is probably a mere coincidence. Thousands have fallen when there has been no storm.

Where Does the Tide Go When it Goes

Out?

The tides are caused by the attraction of the Moon and to a less degree of the Sun drawing up the water, the section of the Earth where this occurs changing as the Earth turns on its axis. When the tide is out, this merely means that the ocean has been drawn up a little towards the Moon at another part of the Earth's surface.

Is the Jewish Calendar the Same as Ours?

No; there are twelve months, but they are different from ours: Tishri, Marheshvan, Kislev, Tebet, Shebat, Adar, Nisan, Ivar, Sivan, Tammuz, Ab, Ellul. Taking the last Jewish year, Anno Mundi 5685, this began on September 29, 1924, which was the first of Tishri, the Jewish New Year's Day, and ended on September 18, 1925, the day before the Jewish New Year's Day, A.M. 5686.

What is the Difference between the White and Black Poplars?

White poplar, or Abele, known botanically as *Populus alba*, has many suckers, downy buds, and shoots, heart-shaped leaves, cottony and snowy white beneath, with a wavy margin and smooth upper surface. The black poplar, *Populus nigra*, has no suckers, sticky buds, and its leaves vary much in shape from triangular almost to circular. They have rounded teeth, and are smooth on both sides except when young, when the underside is silky.

OLD NEWS

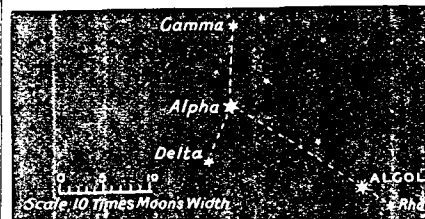
EVENT 84 YEARS AGO

Earth Meets a Shadow on an
Endless Journey Through SpaceA VAST SUN AND ITS
COMPANION

By the C.N. Astronomer

There will be two partial eclipses of Algol's great sun, the Demon star of the ancients, at convenient hours for observation next week, one on Tuesday, December 1, and the other on Friday, December 4.

In spite of the presence of the radiant Moon, these interesting events will be quite obvious, for Algol will be near the zenith and quite easy to find with the aid of the star map. This includes all the brightest stars of Perseus; and if on Tuesday evening, between 4 and 5 o'clock, the observer faces due south and looks up toward the left or east, he will see this constellation very high up, Alpha, the brightest star, being the



The chief stars of Perseus, showing Algol

nearest to overhead, and Beta, known as Algol, almost as bright and some way below Alpha.

It will be seen then that Algol is much brighter than Gamma in Perseus, the third-magnitude star above and to the right of Alpha.

Now, if they are all observed again about 8.30 p.m., it will be obvious that Algol is now much fainter and scarcely as bright as Gamma, while by about 9 o'clock it will be fainter still, dropping ultimately to nearly fourth magnitude.

It begins to decrease in brilliance slowly for the first two hours and then rapidly during the last hour, remaining at a minimum for nearly twenty minutes. In the course of the next 34 hours Algol will regain its normal brilliance. It will remain so until Friday evening, December 4, when, by about 6 p.m., Algol will be found to have again declined to nearly fourth magnitude: but by 10 p.m. it will be seen to be once more its brilliant self.

An Eclipse Among the Stars

What we have been witnessing is an eclipse of the great central sun of Algol which took place 84 years ago. There intervened then, between Algol's great glowing globe and the particular spot in space where our world will be on the night of December 1, a great, dark world a million and a half times the size of our own, which revolves around Algol—which, by the way, is a little over a million times the size of our world. Thus, 84 years ago, a great shadow was caused to start across the vast abyss of space. This shadow, when it has travelled some 496 million million miles (which it has taken about 84 years to do), will be where we will be next Tuesday.

But the shadow will go on and on for long ages, after passing the Earth, travelling farther and farther out into illimitable space, with diminishing intensity but apparently for ever.

After an interval of 2 days 20 hours and 49 minutes this cycle is repeated with precise regularity, year after year, as Algol's great companion whirls round him at terrific speed, though, owing to their great distance (about 5,334,000 times as far as our Sun) we have to wait 84 years for the news.

We know also that the events which we hope to observe next week took place when those two great spheres were some thousands of millions of miles from where they actually are now.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus and Jupiter south-west, Uranus south. In the morning Mars in the south-east.

BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 15 A Sensational Début

THE referee signalled for the game to be stayed as Soppo advanced importantly with his salver. The game had been stopped at the very far end of the ground, so that he had a long way to march to the players, who were watching him and wondering what he was bringing; for it was hard to detect from there what he had on the plate.

From the touchline someone gave him an impish cheer, while other voices impatiently bade him buck up. Crauford's voice joined in.

"Make haste, man!" he called. But Soppo didn't mean to hurry for anyone.

He wasn't going to hurry himself, for two reasons. One: he was very much the Man of the Moment, the one person whom all Eastborough was regarding; he had never created so much attention in his life! He was making, so to speak, a sensational début.

Two: if he trotted, the hat might fall off the plate.

So on he strutted steadily. Crauford stared harder. Why was Tadworth bringing his football boots on a plate?

The referee intercepted Soppo. "Whatever have you got there?" snapped that official.

Answered Soppo in a stately tone: "These are for Crauford."

He was slightly surprised that Campbell had not rushed up and taken the spats from his plate and put them on instantly. He had been hoping all the way that the Scotsman would do that, and so would stop Crauford from spotting the ink till too late. And when he saw the International sitting down and hugging his knees, he wondered should he go to him before Crauford? But his orders were to take the things straight to Crauford.

"And orders are orders," said Soppo, trained to a hair.

Straight to Crauford he marched and presented his salver.

"Please, I've been as quick as ever I could," he said.

No words could faithfully tell the players' delight as Soppo, in a ring of them, tendered his prize. And even Mr. Asprey, the drawing master (whose caricatures will be long remembered at Eastborough) could not have depicted, faithfully or unfaithfully, Crauford's face as he was handed the bowler hat and a pair of lavender spats well mottled with ink.

Like a flash their bearer turned to depart. Equally flash-like fell their recipient's grip on his shoulder. A delicious gurgle from somewhere in Spalding's direction was all that was needed to crown Crauford's boiling anger.

His face turned perfectly white as he gripped Soppo tighter. As a rat is supposed to be shaken, so shook he that worthy.

"What do you mean," he gasped at last, "by bringing me these?"

"On his dignity before that admiring audience, Soppo said firmly:

"You told me to bring you them, Crauford."

"Dolt!" cried Crauford. "Dolt! Have you gone off your head?"

"You sent me a message?"

"Yes, I sent for my patent goalers."

"No, really, Crauford! You said your spats and your bowler."

"Afterwards—", rapped Crauford, and left it at that.

But Soppo knew very well what that afterwards meant. The settlement afterwards was likely to be painful.

"Please, Crauford, you did tell me to bring you them, honestly. Your message was to bring your spats and your bowler."

The referee's whistle blew sharply. They chivvied him off. They shooed him back to the touchline, swishing their arms at him. The highly gratified crowd received him uproariously.

But Soppo, feeling pretty bad, slunk away.

And round he rampaged till he found the infantile Lemon.

"Lemon, did you give me that message properly?"

"What?" piped Lemon, with one hand clapped to his ear.

"Did—you—give—me—Crauford's—message—quite—RIGHT?"

Lemon brightened at once. "Oh, yes," he cried eagerly. "Rather!"

"What was it?"

"To take him his spats and bowler on to the ground."

"He gave it to you himself?"

"No. He gave it to Benskin Minimus."

"Idiot!" snarled Soppo, and rushed off in quest of Benskin.

After much questioning Benskin admitted that he carried the message for Feddon.

"Feddon!"

"Yes. Crauford gave it to Feddon."

"Then where did Lemon come in?"

"Feddon passed it on to me. I gave it to Lemon. I told Lemon to tell you to take him his patent goalers."

"Idiot!" cried Soppo again at the top of his voice; but whether he was addressing this epithet to himself, or to Benskin Min., or to the willing but hard-of-hearing Lemon, will never be known. For while it was yet on his lips he sped to find Feddon.

Crauford, in the meantime, could do nothing right. Soppo's ridiculous intervention had put him "clean off his game." For first the facetious Old Boys began to entreat him to play in his spats and bowler (now a brim only); and then the jest was taken up by the wags on the ropes. So, with a smile on his face and righteous wrath at his heart, Crauford resolved more and more to make Soppo pay.

For quite a while now the School was hard pressed. But their defence held out so gamely that, when the whistle shrilled for No-side at last, Silloth remarked to his skipper, in a sly voice:

"Look you, whatever, Welsh Toffee, we're whacked after all!"

CHAPTER 16 Consequences

SOPPO TADWORTH kept rather mum on the actual consequences to himself of his sensational début at the Old Boys' match. That is to say, he never gave much description of what subsequently transpired in Crauford's study. And yet something must have happened which was quite painful—if reliance can be placed upon Snipples's diary. For the following comments occur in that famous work:

"I haven't ever seen a bear with a sore head (he wrote) and I don't expect they've got one in the Zoo, but all this week Soppo Tadworth has been going about like one. He made an awful ass of himself in the Old Boys' match. We whacked the Old Boys, all Internationals. They said afterwards it was the best Eastborough Fifteen since Noah's Ark, and Crauford smote him frightfully for it afterwards—I don't mean because we won, but for playing the goat on the ground. Soppo vowed that it was all Feddon's fault, but Crauford said that was nothing to do with him, and that nobody but the most brainless juggins on Earth would suppose that he wanted to play in a bowler and spats. Then Soppo went for Feddon. He'd tried to find Feddon after the match, but he couldn't, because Feddon was in grubber with Garry and Kendall. Jolly rum him being there with those two. Anyhow, it's a week since the Old Boys' match and nothing's happened to Feddon, but I guess Soppo is saving it up; and we Conclave men in the West

dorm. will see something. We've left that little owl Feddon alone so far, because Lubbock said so. I think he and the others want to get Garry to join The Conclave, but I don't see why, because Garry's a moody stodge nowadays."

The diarist turned out to be both right and wrong. He was right in assuming that Tadworth was biding his time; he was wrong in predicting that the West dormitory would "see something."

It was the back of the School House fives courts which saw what there was to see on a Sunday afternoon, perhaps a fortnight later, when the juniors had returned from their compulsory walks, and in that languid interval preceding tea. The Conclave were assembling by twos and threes.

Soppo Tadworth, his ill-tempered mouth set nastily, brought up the rear, with Lubbock and Nightingale—who was looking very bored in his Sunday "tents" (as at Eastborough they designate Eton collars). And presently Feddon arrived, with a strained, pale face.

Tadworth pounced upon him at once. "So you've come!" he exclaimed.

Feddon turned his back on him, and faced Lubbock.

"What do you people want with me?" he asked quietly.

"Not good enough!" roared Soppo. "You see, you men? He won't speak to me! That was why he didn't bring me Crauford's message."

"Was that really your reason?" Lubbock demanded of Feddon.

"Yes," said Feddon at once.

"So that was why you gave it to those two men who garbled it?"

"Yes," said Feddon again. "But I couldn't tell they would garble it."

"You hear that?" interposed Soppo, appealing to them all. "I got into a horrible row with Crauford because Feddon thinks too much of himself to speak to me."

Still addressing Lubbock, and in a manner and tone which utterly ignored the presence of his enemy, Feddon replied that his only reason for not speaking to Tadworth was because he had vowed to himself that he would not.

"I can't stand the man," he ended. "I'll have nothing to do with him. As long as I'm at Eastborough I'll never speak to him."

His impersonal manner, as though Soppo were miles out of hearing, surprised them as much as his composed and quiet persistence. From whatever inward tumults he may have been suffering, he betrayed no signs of fear, and his courage took them aback. Expecting to have to deal with that shrinking creature who had trembled and quivered when called upon in the debate, they found

themselves confronted unflinchingly, not by fierceness or anger, but by a low-voiced and patient resolution.

"He's screwed himself up to it," whispered Lubbock to Nightingale.

The phrase hit it off to a "T." Feddon's set, strained face and unemotional manner were those of one who had worked himself up to a pitch at which he would suffer anything rather than give way.

All of them sensed this. Lubbock raised his eyebrows to Soppo. The signal asked: "What can you do with the fellow? What's the good of slaying him? He'll still defy us."

"You won't speak to Tadworth?"

This came in a drawl from Nightingale, who shrugged his shoulders when Feddon replied:

"No, never!"

"Do you apologise for getting him into that row?"

"To him?" demanded Feddon. "Certainly not. Though, of course, I'm sorry that somebody made such a hash of it."

"Somebody!" growled Soppo. "You mixed it up yourself on purpose to spite me."

Feddon took no notice of this whatsoever.

Then Lubbock darted his eyes from one to the other.

"Well," he announced, "I think that we're all agreed. We agreed that we wouldn't slay Feddon in the dorm., but slay him here the first Sunday we got hold of him. Last Sunday he dodged us—"

"I didn't try to," Feddon said, with a catch of his breath.

"You scooted from us last Sunday."

"I didn't. I was with Garry."

"Same thing. You were sheltering with him."

"I was not, Lubbock. I didn't know you wanted me."

Lubbock laughed aloud.

"Well, you know now," he retorted, "and you'll know more in a few minutes. You're going to be slain, Feddon, for your beastly cheek in getting one of The Conclave into a row. We've had your explanation. It doesn't hold water. You were given a message to Tadworth. You should have taken it."

Feddon's nostrils quivered, but he made no reply.

"Half a minute, Lubbock," drawled Nightingale, looking puzzled. "Can we slay the man? I don't think we can now. If he had purposely taken Soppo the wrong message we could. But I don't see how we can slay him when he didn't garble the message."

"You don't!" roared Soppo.

"No, I don't," answered Nightingale. He wriggled his neck uncomfortably in its collar. "No, I don't. He'd vowed he wouldn't speak to you, Tadworth. We can't bash the chap for vowing he won't speak to you."

"Why not?" Soppo belloved.

"Well, fair's fair. The Conclave's a club, old man, not a bullying set. You can't compel a man to speak to another man. If he doesn't want to you can't compel him by force. You can't at least by my notions. What do the rest say?"

Brougham responded first.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I see that. I thought Feddon had purposely mixed up the message. For that he would deserve slaying. But he didn't do that. So if we bashed him now it would merely be bullying."

Soppo Tadworth's face had grown darker and darker as he listened. And now, when first one and then another concurred with Brougham, he glared at them and bit viciously at his nails.

"You won't slay him?" he grunted.

"No," Lubbock announced. "That's off, Soppo."

"But we don't let him go scot free?"

"We're waiting suggestions," smiled Brougham.

Into their leader's eyes crept a sly little glitter.

"All right," he replied, "I'll tell you what we'll do with him. Listen!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Writer of History

NOR long after Jesus was crucified at Jerusalem, a Jewish boy was born in the same city who was to write a history of his time and of his people which would make him for ever famous. His book is read today, and all people with any pretence to education know his name well on this account.

Probably if he had been told that nearly two thousand years later he would be regarded as one of the world's famous people he would have thought this was to be because he was descended from a line of princes, and would have been surprised to learn that it was not this but his writings which would keep his name alive.

Like all well-to-do Jewish boys, this one received a good education and made such progress in learning that, according to his own account, when he was only fourteen he was consulted by older people on all sorts of difficult points of law. At any rate, we know that his scholarship attracted the attention of the leaders of his nation.

He made a particular study of the doctrines of the three chief Jewish sects, the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes, and then went away into the desert and joined an Essene ascetic, with whom he lived a life of poverty and meditation for three years. He was only sixteen when he took up this mode of life, but, tiring of it, he returned to Jerusalem and became a Pharisee.

Six or seven years later the Roman governor of Judea seized and sent to Rome as prisoners a number of Jewish priests, and then the national leaders chose this young man to go to Rome to beg for their release from the Emperor Nero. He started, but was shipwrecked in the Adriatic. The disaster, however, was not without its advantages, for through it he arrived at a certain place at a certain time which brought him in contact with an actor who introduced him to the Emperor's wife. The result was that he obtained the release of his countrymen.

On returning to Jerusalem, he found his countrymen preparing for war with Rome and, though at first he opposed this, he afterwards joined the war party, fought, and was captured. His fellow-prisoners were put to death, but the Roman general spared him and treated him with honour because he prophesied that the existing Emperor would be succeeded on the throne by the General. This actually happened, and the new Emperor and his son continued to show favour to the Jewish leader.

The Jew went to live in Rome, and there wrote his history and other books. As a historian he is fairly truthful and honest, and his style of writing is elegant. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



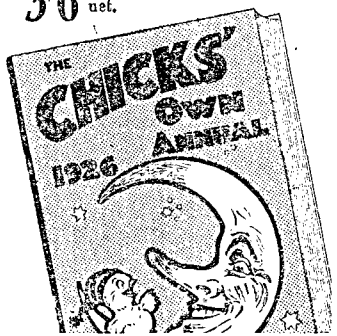
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A Smile for All, A Welcome Glad



D! MERRYMAN

"GRANNY," said little Jimmy, do your spectacles magnify?"

"Yes, of course, they do," was her reply.

"Then," said Jimmy; "won't you take them off when you cut me another piece of cake?"

A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is in poster but not in bill,
My second's in mountain but not in hill,
My third is in axle but not in wheel,
My fourth is in doctor but not in heal,
My fifth is in happy but not in smile,
My sixth is in chisel but not in file,
My seventh's in clover but not in grass,
My eighth is in looking but not in glass,
My ninth is in pebble but not in sand,
My whole is an instrument used in a band.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Asten?

THIS English surname has come from the word Ash, the name of the tree, and was no doubt first given to some person who lived near an ash tree that was a conspicuous landmark. Like most surnames, in course of time the spelling has been altered almost beyond recognition. Ascham has the same origin.

WHAT is that which never asks questions, yet requires many answers? The door bell.

Learning His Lesson

WHEN a bat struck a telegraph wire, it observed, "One should always aspire."

A low aim's a mistake,
If one's way one would make,
So in future I'll try to fly higher!"

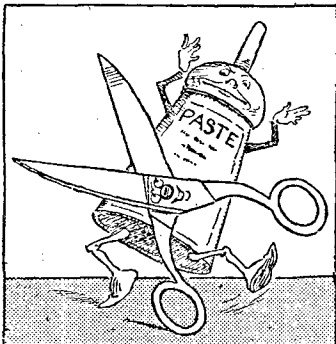
Worse Than He Thought

THE physician had made his examination of the patient and given his advice as to the treatment to be followed. The patient thanked the great man and, pulling out his purse, asked how much he was indebted to him.

"Twenty guineas," was the answer.

"Ah!" replied the patient, "I must have been worse than I thought!"

Come-Alive Characters



Of Duty

THE editor had gone away, and they were filled with glee. "I needn't stick to work," cried Paste,

"A holiday for me!"

"I'm not obliged," the Scissors sang,

"To snip through reams of papers. Come, join me in a dance, old chap—I want to cut some capers!"

WHY is a baker a most improvident person?
Because he is continually selling what he kneads himself.

In His Element



A DUCK who went out in the wet
Remarked "I've no reason to fret.
There's a natural 'mac'
On my well-feathered back,
And umbrellas aren't used in our set!"

A Geographical Letter

IN the following letter from one girl to another the words in italics indicate names that are in the atlas.

Dear city in north-east France,—

My favourite fruits are the *river in South Africa*, *town on the Congo river*, *valley in central New South Wales*, and especially the *river in South Dakota*. Please send me some, if you have *bay in New Zealand*. Best wishes for islands south of *Jaca*, *big river of Australia*.
Springs in Central Australia.

Can you find the names?

Solution next week

Bagged

JONES (out walking with his wife and son): "See that man across the road in the Oxford trousers, Jane? That's Binks, who has had the sack from two places in three weeks."

Percy: "Did he have two sacks, papa?"

Jones: "Yes, my boy. If you look at him you will see that he is wearing them both."

WHAT odd number becomes even when one letter is subtracted from it? Seven—even.

Disenfranchisement

A FELLOW whose surname was Knollys

Was anxious to vote at the poll, but no ballot he cast,
For right till the last
A clerk wouldn't call Knollys "Noles."

The Bishop's Garden

A BISHOP of Amiens was showing his garden to a friend, who said:

"I see that you prefer what is useful to what is pleasing."

"It is because I know of nothing so pleasing as what is useful," said the bishop.

WHAT French word contains every vowel and only one consonant? Oiseau.

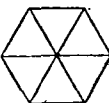
ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Eight Authors

Byron, Shelley, Poe, Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, Pope, Swift.

Diamonds and Triangles

This figure shows how the twelve matches can be rearranged so as to form six equal triangles.



A Puzzle in Rhyme. Amazon

Jacko Has a Bright Idea

ONE Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Jacko was enjoying what he called a well-earned rest, a band started playing in the street just outside the house.

"I never heard such a din," he exclaimed, indignantly. "There's no peace nowadays with all this jazz music."

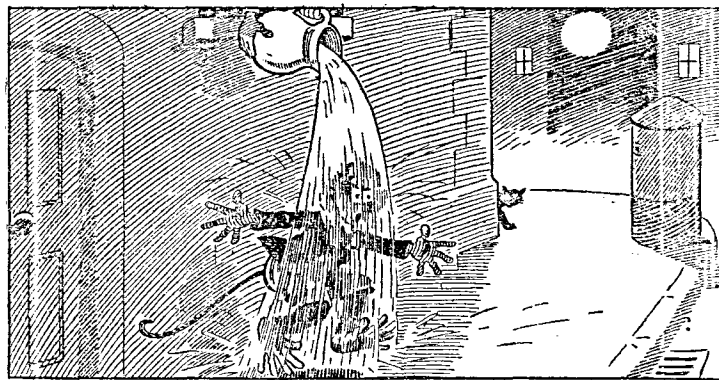
Mrs. Jacko wasn't at all pleased, either. She had been enjoying forty winks too, and said she had been wakened up out of a lovely sleep. In fact, the only person who *did* enjoy the band was Jacko. He had his nose glued to the window, and was watching the way the bandsmen puffed out their cheeks as they blew into their instruments.

But suddenly Mr. Jacko pushed him out of the way and flung up the window. "Go away!" he roared to the band. "We don't want any music here."

Unfortunately nobody heard a word he said: there was far too much noise. And the next minute the band had started on a new tune, noisier than the last.

Mr. Jacko was wild. He told Jacko to run out into the street and tell the band to go away.

Jacko didn't like the job at all. He hovered round the band, nervously trying to catch somebody's eye. But the bandsmen



Mr. Jacko picked up the jug and tipped it out

were all too busy playing to pay any attention to him, and at last he gave it up and ran back into the house.

"I can't do anything," he said, gloomily. "They'll have to go on playing."

"Will they indeed!" roared Mr. Jacko. "I'll see about that!" And he rushed to the window and threw a handful of coppers out into the street.

The effect was amazing. The band immediately stopped playing while the men scrambled for the money. And then they all touched their caps to Mr. Jacko and went off.

Mr. Jacko sat down in his armchair again with a smile of satisfaction. "There you are!" he said. "Anything can be done if you only go the right way about it."

Jacko began to wonder if there were anything in what his father said. His pocket money was very low, and he thought something might be done to improve matters if he only went the right way about it.

That night, when everybody had gone to bed, Mr. Jacko was infuriated by a horrible noise just below his window. He thought it was a cat's concert, and he jumped out of bed and rushed to the window.

Of course the caterwauling was Jacko's doing, though as he was right underneath Mr. Jacko couldn't see him. When Jacko heard the window open a broad grin came over his face.

"Coo! There'll be some money thrown out to me now," he said to himself.

But he was very much mistaken. Mr. Jacko picked up his water jug and tipped it out.

Jacko crept indoors again, dripping from head to feet.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Dutchman's Idea

A Dutch Burgomaster, having for some reason incurred the hate of his fellow townsmen, had his house assailed by a mob, and, but for his coolness, they would probably have killed him.

But he tried to think quietly what he should do, and remembered in a flash that he had some beehives in the garden. He ran out and threw them down over the wall on the crowd, which dispersed like lightning.

L'Idée du Hollandais

Un bourgmestre hollandais, ayant pour quelque raison encouru la haine de ses concitoyens, eut sa maison assiégée par la foule, et, s'il n'eût fait preuve de sang-froid, la foule l'aurait probablement tué.

Toutefois il essaya de réfléchir calmement à ce qu'il avait de mieux à faire, et il se rappela tout à coup qu'il y avait des ruches dans son jardin. Il sortit en courant et, par-dessus le mur, il jeta les ruches sur la foule, qui se dispersa à toutes jambes.

Tales Before Bedtime

Mary's Little Lamb

ONE cold morning Mary's father came in from the fields, carrying a bundle.

"Oh, what have you got there?" asked Mary.

But her father only smiled as he put the bundle down on the hearthrug and began to unwrap it.

"Anyone want a motherless baby to mind?" he asked.

Mary cried: "Oh, Father, I do!"

"Then here you are," said her father. "Keep it warm and give it a bottle, and christen it what you like."

He unwrapped his plaid and showed Mary a wee, newborn lamb.

He was the dearest baby. He was much nicer than a newborn kitten, because his eyes were open; and ever so much nicer than a doll, Mary thought, because he was so warm and cuddlesome.

Mary named him Frisky and put him in the old cradle by the kitchen fire. But in a few hours, after a great many bottles of warm milk, he was strong enough to gambol on his absurd little black legs.

Every day he grew bigger and stronger and more frisky, until at last he could nibble the grass in the paddock.

Father said he had been a pet quite long enough. Such a big lamb must go into the field and take care of himself.

Mary didn't like giving up her baby a bit, but he really was too big for a house pet, so off he went to the cowslipfield, where he soon began to enjoy himself with the other lambs.

But one morning, when Mary was walking to school with her friends, she suddenly heard *Ba-aa!* and there behind her was Frisky. He was as pleased as Punch, because he had found a nice little gap in the



There was Frisky

hedge big enough to creep through when he heard Mary's voice.

He followed her to school, and all the boys teased her by singing, "Mary had a little lamb," which made Mary feel very shy.

After lessons the lamb had to be led back to the field and tied up until the gap in the hedge was mended. But he didn't mind that, because Mary sat by him and told him what a clever little lamb he was.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

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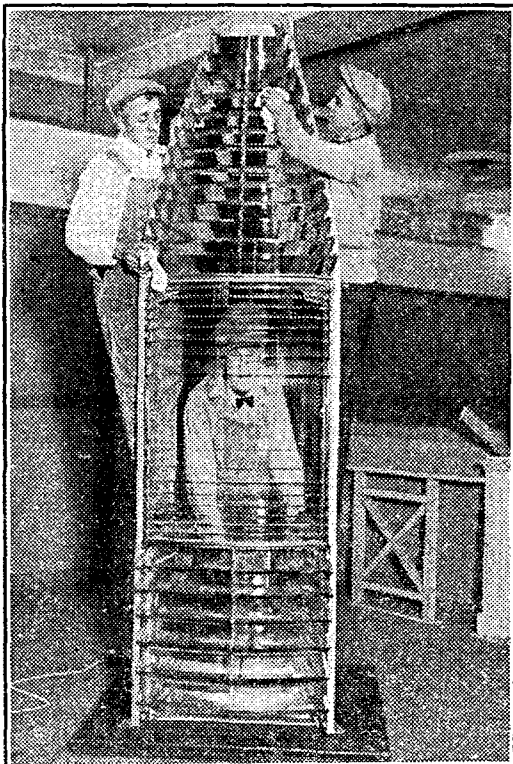
A FAMILY TRICYCLE • A CONCERT IN THE CLOUDS • GARIBALDI'S MEN



The Horse Tram of Pwllheli—As we can see here, the old-fashioned horse tram is still doing duty at Pwllheli, in Carnarvonshire, where it is a popular way of getting about the town.



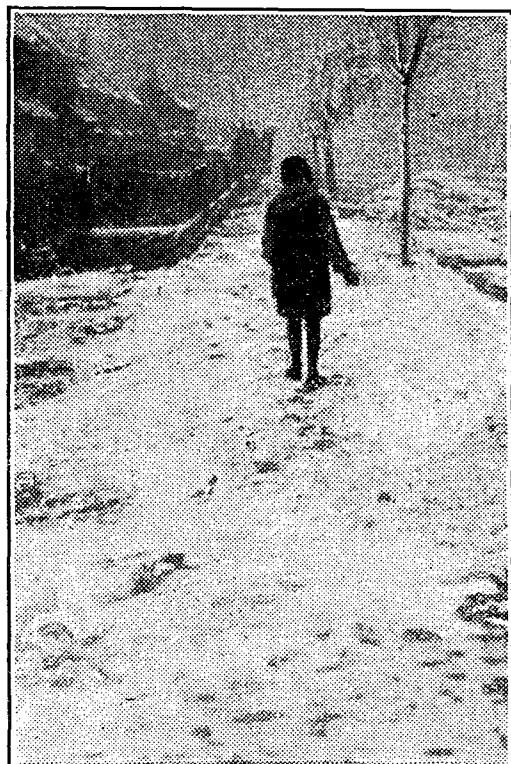
A Family Tricycle—Here is Mr. J. W. Wood, of Highbury, London, out for a ride with his family on a novel tricycle he has made. The carrier has a detachable roof and curtains.



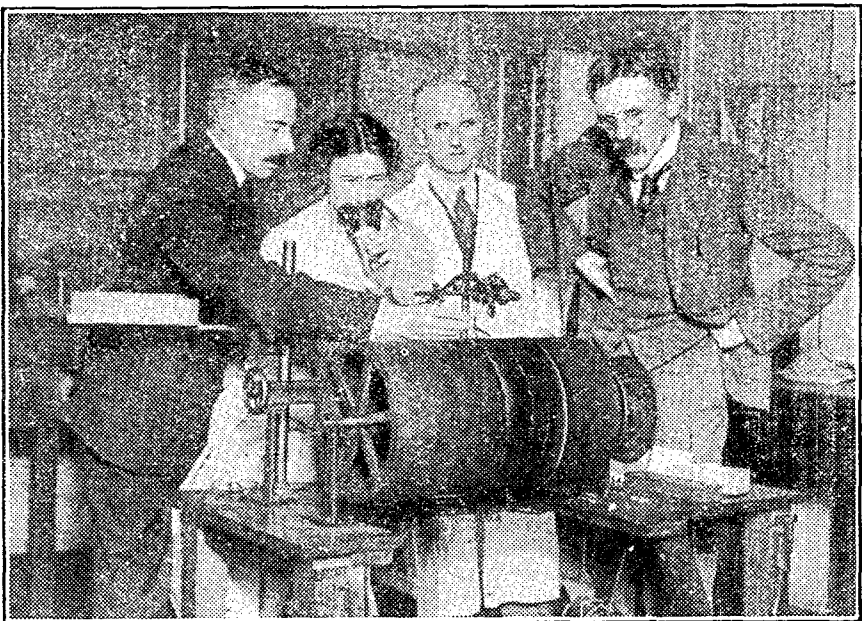
The Lighthouse's Big Eye—This, one of the most powerful lighthouse lenses in the world, will soon be in use on the American Atlantic coast, and the light of a small oil lamp placed in it will be enormously magnified.



Broadcasting a Concert from the Clouds—The famous Savoy Orpheans band, accompanied by singers, gave a wireless concert in mid-air the other evening over Croydon Aerodrome. Here we see the bandmen having a rehearsal to accustom themselves to such unusual quarters.



London's First Snow—Snow is not very common in London, and when it comes is soon cleared away. This wintry picture taken in one of the streets at Golders Green, in North London, shows the first fall of the season.



A Pronunciation Machine—An interesting instrument called the kymograph, which enables faults of pronunciation to be detected at once, is being used at University College, London. It has been found useful in teaching foreign students English, and here a lesson is in progress.



Four Old Garibaldians—These four old soldiers of Garibaldi recently took part in the celebrations of the capture of Rome, where a great ceremony was held before the historic breach. Rome was the last city to become part of United Italy, and was made the capital in 1871.

THE VERY BEST MONTHLY WE'VE EVER SEEN, SAY ALL THE READERS OF MY MAGAZINE

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